

CHARLIE AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY

by

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Based on the novel by Roald Dahl

A large, stylized handwritten signature or set of initials, possibly 'WBF', is written in the center of the page.

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REVISED DRAFT

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BLACK

We hear an ORCHESTRAL FANFARE and then we see in giant letters:

WORLD WIDE GLOBAL NEWS

And then we see an old-fashioned TITLE CARD that reads:

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, WILLY WONKA?

FADE IN:

EXT. ORPHANAGE (BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE)

Young boys running about on the snowy ground.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

His early years were sad and lonely. Abandoned at birth, Willy Wonka spent his childhood in an orphanage with few of the amusements and comforts other children had.

We see a young Willy Wonka, age eight, sitting off by himself.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

His only joy came from the occasional chocolate Sister Emanuensa would give to him on his birthday!

A pretty young nun pulls a tiny chocolate kiss from the sleeve of her habit and sits down next to him. We PUSH IN ON the boy's eyes as the young Wonka stares STRAIGHT AT us...

SISTER EMANUENSA (V.O.)

He didn't speak much. And I always wondered what he was thinking. The only way to get him to smile at all was with sweets...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Yes, Willy Wonka has always been a mysterious character.

DISSOLVE TO:

WILLY WONKA

His face blurred, as he washes (from the inside) the front window of his candy store, the name "WONKA" stenciled on the glass.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

From his humble beginnings at this tiny candy store in Deluth, his chocolate creations dazzled the imagination...

We see another BLURRY SHOT of WONKA BEHIND the GLASS counter as he points out his various creations to a crowd of KIDS...

WONKA

These marshmallows taste like violets, and these caramels change colors every ten seconds as you suck them, and over here, these little feathery sweets melt away the minute you put them between your lips.

The kids press their faces against the glass.

WONKA

These candy balloons you blow up to enormous sizes before you pop them with a pin and gobble them up.

He then holds up a tiny blue bird's egg with black spots...

WONKA

Put one of those in your mouth, it gradually gets smaller and smaller until suddenly there is nothing left except a tiny little pink sugary baby bird sitting on the tip of your tongue.

KID

How do you do it?

WONKA

(through the glass)

It's a secret.

EXT. WONKA'S CANDY SHOP - DAY

As kids line up to get in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But what is it about Wonka's
chocolate that makes it so
special?

SERIES OF SHOTS

of different KIDS:

KID #1

It makes you feel... happy.

KID #2

Like you can do anything. And I
mean anything.

KID #3

Gives you more than energy. It
gives you...

(then, deep)

Verve.

ADULT

(serious)

No, no, it's the quality...

(then, smiles)

And the fact that it makes you
feel so damn good...

WAREHOUSE

And now we see a warehouse where Wonka trucks are loaded.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Within a few short years, Wonka
was making five hundred different
varieties of chocolates and
shipping them to the four corners
of the world...

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

In stores of the different kinds of chocolate.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Each week brought a new invention.
Like this ice cream that never
melts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A SHOT of kids eating ice cream cones in the hot sun, turning them this way and that, but the ice cream won't drip.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Or this bubble gum that doesn't
lose its taste...

And now we see a group of kids all blowing bubbles. A flash from a camera and we now see...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Yes, people everywhere have always
demanded Wonka chocolates...

... SHOTS of kids eating Wonkabars under the Eiffel Tower and outside the pyramids and inside an igloo.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And then there was Prince
Pondicherry of Alsniffistahn...

And now we see some SHAKY FOOTAGE of a SMALL, DARK MAN in royal robes standing beside Wonka (in his top hat and coat). The man gives a quick wave TO the CAMERA, then turns and gestures to the giant sand dunes behind him.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The Prince commissioned Wonka to
build a giant palace made entirely
out of chocolate...

We see Wonka working with blueprints, bulldozers, cranes, and giant blocks of chocolate...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

When completed, the structure had
one hundred rooms and was made
entirely of either light or dark
chocolate.

We see Wonka standing, talking TO the CAMERA, the glare from the sun washing out his face as he speaks...

WONKA

The bricks are chocolate, the
mortar holding them together is
chocolate, the windows are
chocolate...

We see different SHOTS of the following:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (O.S.)

... and all the walls and all of the ceilings are made of chocolate. So are the carpets and the pictures and the furniture and the beds. And when you turn on the taps in the bathroom, hot chocolate comes pouring out.

And now we see a SHOT of the Prince shaking Wonka's hand in front of the completed palace. Wonka gestures to the candy structure, says something to the Prince...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Once completed, Wonka warned Pondicherry that the place wouldn't last long and that he and his family should commence eating it right away. But Pondicherry didn't heed Wonka's warning...

A QUICK SHOT of the beaming Prince:

PONDICHERRY (SMALL DARK MAN)

Nonsense! I'm not even going to nibble a staircase or lick the walls. I'm going to live in it!

JUMP CUT TO:

HOT SUN

And now TILT DOWN to the palace, all of it melted... the Prince gagging and sputtering in the middle of a huge sticky brown lake of chocolate...

-- ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The palace, while a great wonder unto itself, would not be Wonka's greatest accomplishment. No, Wonka's greatest accomplishment, his most magnificent achievement, would have to be his chocolate factory.

SERIES OF SHOTS

And now we see a huge construction site. Wonka sinks a gold shovel into the ground, then bows as a group of city officials and prominent citizens applaud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Invigorated and inspired by the Pondicherry experience, Wonka decided to build an even more fantastical structure.

And now we see a dozen steam shovels digging a giant hole in the ground.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Designed by Wonka himself and built by over ten thousand craftsmen, Wonka's Chocolate Factory was to be a proud monument to the inventing genius.

And now we see different SHOTS as the factory progresses. At shipyard loading docks, the following is offloaded from boats.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Cacao trees were brought in from Brazil. Monkeys from Uruguay.

And now we see crates with huge trees sticking out of them, being craned off of a boat...

WONKA

The trees need the monkeys to climb them in order to pollinate properly...

SHOTS of the factory as the following is installed:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A huge indoor jungle was planted. A billion gallons of water was diverted from a secret underground source. New and more powerful lights were built...

SHOT of a WORKER wearing sunglasses, smiling.

WORKER

It was always bright and sunny inside the factory...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It was as if within the walls of his factory, Wonka was turning the world inside out!

We see SHOTS of the workers being fed a huge feast for lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Wonka took good care of his workers.

A SHOT of a CRAFTSMAN talking TO the CAMERA...

CRAFTSMAN

We all felt like we were a part of something special. More than that, like we were part of a family...

ANOTHER WORKER

I remember it was always sunny on the job...

As the huge lights are turned on... the skylight opened...

ANOTHER WORKER

... everybody was always smiling.

YET ANOTHER WORKER

Wonka knew everyone's name and birthday. He was never too busy to stop and chat, share a cup of hot chocolate.

Different SHOTS of people working, waving. The factory coming along. Rising up from the earth. Metallurgists install a big "W" in the top of the giant wrought-iron gates. One waves.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But then, just two weeks before the doors were to open, tragedy struck...

We hear THUNDER. It starts to RAIN on the construction site. We see a body, covered by a blanket, being carried out of the factory by two firemen.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A bricklayer, working on the last unfinished room inside the factory, fell some two hundred and seventeen feet to his death.

At the funeral, we see Wonka console the widow, the woman's face hidden by a veil. As she turns to walk away, we see that she's pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Wonka took the death hard. He was heard to say it was like losing a member of his own family....

Wonka watches her a moment, then puts on his hat and walks off across the cemetery... alone.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

With the factory not yet completed, Wonka sent everyone home...

We see different SHOTS of solemn workers leaving the factory. Giant letters in the top floor windows spell out "WONKA."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And locked the gates.

And now we see a huge padlock as it's locked onto the gates.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And then... Willy Wonka disappeared.

We see a SHOT of the quiet factory as the sun goes down.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A year went by, and then two, and still no one heard from the great chocolate maker.

The sun sinks further, casting a shadow over the giant "W."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

All the while his factory waited for him, silent and still; a spectacular monument to broken dreams.

And as the sun goes all the way down, we GO TO:

BLACK.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But then, something astonishing happened...

FADE IN:

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DAY

Quiet. We START TO TILT UP...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

One day, early in the morning,
columns of white smoke were seen
to be coming out of the tops of
the tall chimneys of the factory.

And now we see it, too. The white smoke...

EXT. TOWN - SAME TIME

As PEOPLE in town stop and stare.

VARIOUS PEOPLE

What's going on? Someone's lit
the furnaces! Wonka must be
opening up again!

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

As people from the town run to the factory, we now BOOM
DOWN FROM the top of the huge iron gates TO where the big
padlock and chain still remain. People press up against
them...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But Wonka was nowhere to be seen.

VARIOUS PEOPLE

But the factory's working!
Listen! You can hear the
machines! And you can smell the
chocolate!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It was a mystery, yes... But most
mysterious of all were the
shadows.

And now we PUSH IN TO the windows up on the top floor,
the name "WONKA" spelled out in them. We see small
shadows moving quickly past the window.

VOICE (O.S.)

The place is full of workers!

A MAN rattles the still-locked gates.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

But no one's gone in!

The crowd stares up at the windows and grows quiet.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But the factory was running. And
it's gone on running ever since,
for these last ten years.

We hear the RUMBLE of ENGINES and see a line of trucks
approaching.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But nobody sees Willy Wonka
anymore. He never comes out. The
only things that come out are the
most fantastic chocolates and
candies.

As we see the trucks pull up to a metal door in a wall.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

They come out through the special
doors in the walls where they're
then picked up by trucks.

A crowd of people gather around the gates, watching as a
UPS truck pulls away.

MAN

So who's working in there?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Yes, who is working in Wonka's
factory? It remains one of the
great mysteries of the chocolate-
making world. We know only one
thing about them.

(then)

They're very small.

EXT. FACTORY - ASKEW ANGLE ON WINDOWS - NIGHT

We see shadows moving about inside...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) —

The shadows that appear behind the
windows, especially late at night
when the lights are on, are those
of tiny people, people no taller
than my knee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We BEGIN CRANING DOWN FROM the windows now...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

As for Willy Wonka? Where is he?
No one knows. For ten years no
one has seen hide nor hair of the
candy-making genius. Meanwhile
the factory goes on churning out
chocolate while the world asks...

We END our CRANE DOWN ON the giant padlock.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Where have you gone, Willy Wonka?

And now we DISSOLVE from newsreel to NORMAL FILM STOCK
and see that the padlock is rusted. We then...

PULL BACK to reveal: A boy.

Looking up at the huge factory beyond the gates. He
turns and we see his face: CHARLIE, ten years old, in
tattered clothing and crummy shoes.

CHARLIE

Are you in there?

He takes a whiff of the sweet-smelling air around the
factory, and then moves on as we now...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUCKET HOUSE - MORNING

A small, pitiful structure bordered on either side by a
vacant lot. And now we hear...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Mother! Breakfast!

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bright and cheerful. Charlie flips pancakes at the
stove. He moves to the cupboard to take down a bottle of
syrup and a box of cereal tumbles out, the shelves are so
jammed with foodstuffs.

MRS. BUCKET comes into the kitchen, dressed in a smart
navy-blue suit and pearls, her shiny, auburn hair glowing
in the sunbeams as she smiles at Charlie and sits down at
the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Here you go, Mom.

Charlie then sets down the steaming plate of flapjacks in front of her. Another place is set across from her.

MRS. BUCKET

Charlie, you're the sweetest boy.

Charlie closes his eyes as she kisses him on the top of the head.

MRS. BUCKET

What's this?

He opens his eyes once again and looks down at the...

PLATE

Which, chipped, now contains a single piece of dry toast. Charlie looks around, the kitchen is no longer bright and cheerful...

... but now sorry-looking and dingy. His mother sits at the table, lovely but unadorned, her hair back, dressed in the plainest of clothing, her hair held up in a bandanna.

CHARLIE

(slipping out of
his daydream)

What?

MRS. BUCKET

(holds up toast)

What is this?

CHARLIE

That's breakfast.

Confused, Mrs. Bucket looks back down at the piece of bread.

MRS. BUCKET

A whole piece?

CHARLIE

You need it. You're going to work.

She indicates the empty chair across from her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BUCKET

What about your father?

Charlie just looks at her.

MRS. BUCKET

He may want something to eat.

Charlie doesn't say anything, just watches as she tears the toast in half and sets a half down on the plate across from her.

CHARLIE

I'm late for school.

Charlie moves to a small broom closet off the kitchen and opens it. It's covered with old Wonka candy wrappers and news clippings about Wonka.

A small chair is in the corner. This is Charlie's "room." He grabs his schoolbooks off the chair and goes into the only...

BEDROOM

Where we see a very old couple, both frail, nearly see-through they're so skeletal, lying in a bed, snoring. When the OLD MAN rolls over, the old woman rolls with him in unison. Charlie checks the covers, refills a glass of water from a pitcher, then starts to walk back out.

OLD MAN

No good-bye?

CHARLIE

I thought you were sleeping.

GRANDPA GEORGE (OLD MAN)

It's too cold to sleep.

CHARLIE

Good-bye, Grandpa George, Grandma Georgina...

The old couple rolls over in unison and reaches out for Charlie, who gives them each a soft kiss on the forehead.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Good-bye, Charlie.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Learn something useful, skipper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie straightens up, then looks at the end of the bed as the CAMERA now SPINS so that we now see another very OLD COUPLE lying at the other end of the bed as they now roll over toward him as well...

CHARLIE

(kisses her)

Good-bye, Grandma Josephine...

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

(rolling over)

Good-bye, sweetie...

Charlie straightens up, stares at the back of his other GRANDFATHER who has not rolled over to face him. Grandma Josephine nudges him.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Joe? Charlie's off to school...

GRANDPA JOE

What's the point? Go to school...
study hard. Play by the rules.
All so he can wind up like his
father --

OTHERS

Shhhhh!

And they all look over as Mrs. Bucket sticks her head in the room.

MRS. BUCKET

Good-bye, all

(to Charlie)

I might work a second shift.

CHARLIE

I'll keep dinner for you.

She recedes from the room. Grandpa Joe shakes his head.

GRANDPA JOE

Or so he can end up like his
mother, working in a toothpaste
factory. People earn more in
prison making brooms! Kid might
as well stay home and play with
matches.

And he turns his back and rolls over.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE
Ignore him, Charlie. He's a
mutineer this morning.
(kisses his forehead)
Have a nice day.

CHARLIE
(touches the old
man's shoulder)
I'll see you later, Grandpa Joe.

Charlie walks out of the tiny room, to...

FRONT DOOR

Where he takes a breath, then opens the door. All at once sounds from the street rush in. A BUS ZOOMS by. CAR HORNS HONK. Pedestrians move to and fro.

EXT. BUCKET HOUSE - MORNING

As Charlie starts down the sidewalk, trudges through town. He walks past the shops. The windows full of items he can't buy.

He passes a policeman shoving a donut into his mouth. A kid wolfs down half a sandwich, then tosses the rest into the gutter where a dog quickly grabs it up and eats it...

Charlie finally stops in front of a shop, peers in the window.

REVERSE ANGLE - CANDY SHOP WINDOW

We see only Charlie's reflection now as he stares at the panorama of sweets -- candy and chocolates piled high. Charlie stops and stares, then forces himself to move on.

EXT. WONKA'S CHOCOLATE FACTORY - MORNING

As Charlie walks by, peers through the tall gates up the foreboding structure. The smoke coming from the stacks. Charlie closes his eyes, smells the air, tries to eat the aroma...

VOICE (O.S.)
A hint of raspberry.

Charlie turns around, sees a MAN with a briefcase standing there. ANOTHER MAN stands with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm getting cherry.

Another PEDESTRIAN stops, sniffs the air...

PEDESTRIAN

Definitely macadamia.

They all move on. Charlie looks once more up at the factory, the foreboding walls, the iron gates, the windows at the top, then moves on.

EXT. CHARLIE'S SCHOOL - MORNING

As Charlie walks up to the entrance. He stops, looks at the empty bike racks. We hear a WHOOP and a HOLLER and he looks off at...

KIDS

on scooters of all possible description, coming right at Charlie. They ride past him, then nimbly dismount at the bike racks, and run inside the building. Charlie stares at the now full bike racks and then follows them all inside...

KID (V.O.)

My dad is a fireman...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

As a KID stands with his father up at the front. The father, in full fireman's uniform, smiles with the whitest teeth and brightest eyes you've ever seen. The teacher, a woman of about eighty, nods as the boy gives his report...

KID

He saves lives for a living. Just last week he pulled a soft-coated Wheaton terrier from a house that was fully engulfed on Mackaby Terrace...

Charlie sits there at the back of the room, lost in his thoughts as the Kid drones on, and we now...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BRIGHTMOUTH TOOTHPASTE FACTORY - DAY

As Mrs. Bucket and hundreds of other sad-looking employees walk up to the front entrance...

KID (V.O.)

He gets to wear a cool uniform and
drive a big red truck...

INT. TOOTHPASTE FACTORY - DAY

Charlie's mother sits at a long bench screwing the caps onto tubes of toothpaste. A sign on one wall says, "KEEP SMILING!" Mrs. Bucket can barely stay awake.

She looks down the line and we see an old woman pause to crack her aching knuckles and one by one flex her tired fingers and yawn. Mrs. Bucket, watching her, yawns in return, then turns and looks into...

AT BACK - GLASSED-IN OFFICE

where she sees her supervisor looking at something O.S., nodding his head and scratching his chin thoughtfully.

MRS. BUCKET

cranes her neck so that she can see better what's going on in the office.

HER POV - ANOTHER MAN

demonstrating an odd-looking contraption. Craning still further, we see that it's rapidly screwing the caps into toothpaste tubes.

MRS. BUCKET

stares in horror at the machine, then looks down at the pile of uncapped tubes on the bench in front of her. She begins screwing the caps on as fast as she can. One by one, the other workers look up and stare at her. Mrs. Bucket shoots a glance back...

INT. OFFICE

The man turns a knob and the machine goes even faster. And now....

MRS. BUCKET

goes faster, too. Works as if her life depended on it.

INT. OFFICE

The man turns the knob all the way...

MRS. BUCKET

watches the machine. Knows she can't possibly keep up. She stops working. Her expression turning from panic to anger. She picks up a piece of cardboard, pulls a pen from behind her ear and scribbles on it. She then climbs on top of the table and holds up the card for her fellow workers to read:

UNION

She looks into the office. The foreman rolls his eyes, then lowers the blinds, as we now...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DUSK

As Charlie walks by, slows down to smell the air. He sees something blowing in the wind over the top of the gate. He grabs a candy wrapper. It's for a Wonka Fudgemallow Delight.

He looks up at the factory, hears an AIR BRAKE and turns as a city BUS pulls up and the doors open. But no one gets on and no one gets off. He looks up at the factory.

As the doors close and the bus pulls away, Charlie turns and walks AWAY FROM us, getting smaller and smaller.

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

A big pot on the stove. Charlie looks at the candy wrapper while he stirs. He moves to the broom closet, opens a box, and puts the wrapper inside.

INSERT - BOX

Charlie's "treasures." Other wrappers. Half a candy bar. A marble. A picture of his father, the face blurry. He looks at it a moment as the...

POT OF SOUP

on the stove starts to boil and bubble...

Charlie closes the box, moves to the stove and pours the thin, hot, watery soup into bowls on a tray. He then carries the tray into...

BEDROOM

Where Charlie passes out the bowls of soup, then sits down on a chair.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Charlie, I could use a shave.

CHARLIE

Okay.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Could you read me a little something from the newspaper?

CHARLIE

Sure.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

My sock has a bit of hole...

CHARLIE

I'll take care of it.

Grandpa Joe drops his spoon noisily into his bowl.

GRANDPA JOE

Good God! The boy's not a valet!

They all sulk, slurp their soup in bed. Mrs. Bucket, her mind elsewhere, comes into the room and takes off her coat.

MRS. BUCKET

Hello, everyone.

The old folks in the bed all greet her. She sits down, accepts a bowl of the "soup" from Charlie.

MRS. BUCKET

Thank you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You okay, Mom?

She looks at him. Her eyes welling with emotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BUCKET

Charlie, you have to promise me you won't take everything lying down. You have to fight for what's yours because no one is just going to give it to you. You can't let people treat you as if you're worthless just because you have nothing.

CHARLIE

Okay. But what's --

MRS. BUCKET

You have value, Charlie. You matter.

CHARLIE

Okay.

(then)

So do you, Mom.

But she just looks at them. Can't bring herself to speak. They all wait a moment, then understand. Even Grandpa Joe raises up on an elbow, looks at his son, then lies back down.

MRS. BUCKET

I'm sorry...

The others all turn away. Mrs. Bucket just stares at the watery soup as a teardrop splashes into it. She quickly starts eating, smiles at her son...

MRS. BUCKET

This is delicious, Charlie.

And now the others look over, join in:

GRANDPA GEORGE

Yes, very good.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Wonderful.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

M-hm. Nice and hot.

He smiles at the group -- his family; rich or poor -- as they all dig in and slurp away at their soup like it's Beef Wellington.

EXT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

No lights on. The sounds of SNORING OVER...

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie and his mother on the floor, shivering on a thin mattress, under a thin blanket. The SNORING coming from the next room is so rhythmic it sounds like waves crashing.

But Charlie can't sleep. He finally gets up off the floor. He walks to the window, looks out at the chocolate factory across town. The lights on the top floor are all lit up... the huge letters "W-O-N-K-A" clearly visible.

VOICE (O.S.)

A mystery, isn't it?

Charlie turns and sees Grandpa Joe sitting up in bed. He's the only one of the four grandparents awake.

CHARLIE

What's he doing at night?

GRANDPA JOE

Don't know.

CHARLIE

And who's working in the factory?

GRANDPA JOE

Can't say. We only know one thing: they're very small. No bigger than your knee.

CHARLIE

That's impossible.

GRANDPA JOE

Yes, it is.

Grandpa Joe shrugs, then lies back down. Charlie looks back out at the factory.

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DUSK

As Charlie walks home from school. He stops at the factory gates and peers through the bars.

HIS POV - FACTORY

Dark. Except for the row of square windows on the top floor. The letters "W-O-N-K-A." Then the flash of a shadow... then another. Now we hear a faint sound. It sounds like LAUGHING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And suddenly we see a small face appear in the bottom of the letter "O" -- or at least we think it's a face -- peering out the window, looking down, looking right at...

CHARLIE

who jumps and takes off running down the now-dark street. We hear a school BELL RING OVER...

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

As Charlie sits at one of the tables eating a small, hard roll for lunch while all around him kids eat sandwiches and Ho-Ho's and juicy pieces of fruit.

He watches other kids dump their lunch trays into the trash, their food barely touched. Charlie leans over, looks at all of the food inside the trash can. Is tempted to reach in...

He turns to where a LITTLE GIRL, purple ribbon in her hair, sits with her lunch carefully spread out on a napkin. She smiles at him, slides the napkin over to him.

Charlie stares the sandwich, the apple, the two cookies. Yes, he'd very much like some of her lunch. He looks at her. She smiles, a nice smile, but somehow humiliating to Charlie at the same time.

CHARLIE

No, thank you.

She takes a bite of her sandwich and studies him a moment.

LITTLE GIRL

Do you like music?

CHARLIE

Sure.

LITTLE GIRL

Who's your favorite band?

CHARLIE

Uhh...

LITTLE GIRL

Do you listen to the radio?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Not really.

LITTLE GIRL

Watch TV?

CHARLIE

I don't have one.

LITTLE GIRL

What do you do in your free time?

CHARLIE

Free time?

She wants to say something else when we hear:

VOICE (O.S.)

He's gonna open the factory!

Everybody in the room stops cold, turns to where a KID stands in the doorway, breathless.

ANOTHER KID

Who?

VOICE (O.S.)

Wonka!

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Charlie finds a crumpled newspaper in the gutter. And starts to read it...

CHARLIE

'Wonka factory to be open at last
to lucky few'!

EXT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As Charlie hurries up the walk clutching a newspaper...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

'Mr. Willy Wonka, the candy-making
genius who has not been seen or
heard from in the last ten years
sent out the following notice
today:'

INT. BUCKET BEDROOM - NIGHT

Where the old folks all sit up as Charlie reads from the middle of the bed...

CHARLIE

'I, Willy Wonka...'

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

By the light of a single lamp, Willy Wonka sits at his desk writing. His face hovering just above the light, is barred in shadow. A half-eaten chocolate bar sits on the table in front of him. We see only his hand as he writes...

WONKA

-- have decided to let five
children -- just five, no more --
inside my factory this year.

He picks up a silver cigarette case and opens it. He removes a tube of chocolate and takes a bite and resumes writing...

WONKA

These lucky five will be shown
around personally by me. They
will be allowed to see all the
secrets and the magic of my
factory. And then...

We hear WHISPERING, then GIGGLING O.S. Wonka turns and looks back at the shadows...

WONKA

Shut up!

(resumes writing)

And then, at the end of this tour,
I will award each child with
enough chocolate and candy to last
them the rest of their lives. So,
my dear friends...

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As Charlie reads...

CHARLIE

(reading)

'Watch out for the Golden
Tickets...'

GRANDPA GEORGE

The what?

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

As the pen is dipped in the inkwell (a martini glass full of chocolate milk, with a chocolate "kiss" serving as the olive, sits behind it)...

WONKA (V.O.)

Five tickets have been printed on special golden paper. These five golden tickets have been hidden underneath the wrapping paper of five ordinary candy bars...

CUT TO:

HANDS

tiny hands. We hear GIGGLING O.S. as the hands place a golden ticket inside a candy bar wrapper, then another.

WONKA (V.O.)

These five candy bars may be anywhere -- in any shop, on any street, in any town, upon any counter where Wonka's candies are sold.

EXT. WONKA FACTORY - NIGHT

As trucks pull away from the factory...

INT. VARIOUS CANDY STORES - DAY

As the candy bars are stocked on shelves, behind counters, etc.

WONKA (V.O.)

The five lucky finders of these five golden tickets and their parents are the only ones who will be allowed to visit my factory and see what it's like inside.

INT. DARK OFFICE - NIGHT

As Wonka finishes writing...

WONKA (V.O.)

Good luck and happy hunting.
Signed --

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As Charlie looks up from the paper.

CHARLIE

-- Willy Wonka.

The family is quiet a moment. Then...

GRANDMA GEORGINA

The man's a lunatic!

GRANDPA GEORGE

Totally insane.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

A complete nut ball.

GRANDPA JOE

The man's brilliant.

They all turn to Grandpa Joe. He nods, thoughtfully...

GRANDPA JOE

He's a magician. Just imagine what'll happen now... the whole world will be searching for those golden tickets. Everyone will be buying Wonka's candy bars in the hope of finding one. He'll sell more than ever before. I tell you, the man's a genius...

GRANDMA GEORGINA

I guess it would be sort of exciting to find one.

GRANDPA JOE

Sort of? Are you kidding? It would be the experience of a lifetime!

GRANDPA GEORGE

All the chocolate and candy that you could eat for the rest of your life -- free!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

It makes me quite ill to think of it.

GRANDPA JOE

Forget the chocolate -- you get to go inside the factory! You get to meet Willy Wonka himself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all look at Grandpa Joe, who's red in the face, sitting up in bed now.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Take it easy there, Joe. You look like you're gonna blow a head vein.

Grandpa Joe shakes his head, lies back down.

MRS. BUCKET

What's going on?

Mrs. Bucket comes into the room and Charlie quickly shoves the paper under the bed.

CHARLIE

Nothing. How was work?

She looks at all of them.

MRS. BUCKET

Fine. Your father call?

They all look away, uncomfortable. Joe shakes his head.

CHARLIE

No. He didn't call.

She nods sadly.

CHARLIE

But then we don't have a phone.

MRS. BUCKET

Right.

(then)

Good-night, all.

EVERYBODY

Good-night!

She walks back out. Charlie grabs the paper, stares at the blurry old photo of Wonka below the fold.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Wouldn't it be something, Charlie, to open a bar of candy and see a golden ticket inside?!

CHARLIE

It would, Grandpa, but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA GEORGE

But what?

CHARLIE

But I only get one candy bar a year. There isn't a hope...

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

You never know, darling. You have as much a chance as anybody else.

GRANDPA JOE

You're right, Charlie. Forget it.

Again, they all turn and look at him, this time with scowls on their faces.

GRANDPA JOE

The kids who are going to find the golden tickets are the ones who can afford to buy candy bars every day. Charlie's right. There isn't a hope.

Another moment of silence, the others all glaring at Grandpa Joe. Then...

GRANDPA GEORGE

Well, someone's got to find them.

A BRIGHT FLASH and we...

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP ON TWO BEADY EYES

A pair of tiny black dots nestled deep in fleshy sockets.

MRS. GLOOP (O.S.)

Of course, I just knew Augustus would find a golden ticket.

We begin PULLING BACK so that we start to see a chubby face...

MRS. GLOOP (O.S.)

He's been eating so many candy bars lately that it was almost impossible for him not to find one.

As the face FILLS the entire SCREEN, FLASHBULBS POP and we...

WIDEN to reveal:

INT. GLOOP HOME - DAY

A thin, spare space now filled with REPORTERS. AUGUSTUS GLOOP, a gelatinous blob of a kid sits on a slender couch, sandwiched between his two pale, rail-thin PARENTS.

REPORTER

So the boy likes to eat, huh?

MRS. GLOOP

No, he doesn't like it. It's not like he has a choice in the matter. His condition is glandular.

DR. GLOOP

We've had his thyroid tested eleven times.

MRS. GLOOP

And now we've got him on a special diet of lettuce.

REPORTER

Lettuce and...?

MRS. GLOOP

Just lettuce.

DR. GLOOP

Red leaf. Romaine. Iceberg.

AUGUSTUS

I love blue cheese dressing.

MRS. GLOOP

But of course, sometimes he craves something different, something more a part of the normal rites and passages of childhood.

DR. GLOOP

Hence, all the chocolate bars.

REPORTER

So you and Dr. Gloop are both psychologists?

DR. GLOOP

Which is why we understand Auggie's interior monologues so well --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. GLOOP

Although my clients are professional people while Donald works mostly with wealthy housewives, have trouble communicating with their help...

DR. GLOOP

That's not true... I have many different types of patients --

MRS. GLOOP

Anyway, I think that finding the golden ticket was tremendously empowering for Auggie.

DR. GLOOP

Like Freud said, there are no accidents.

MRS. GLOOP

And sometimes a chocolate bar is just a chocolate bar.

Augustus leans forward, reaches for a single peanut from an overflowing bowl on the coffee table. Both parents shriek...

DR./MRS. GLOOP

Augustus! Stop that!

He freezes, looks back at his parents...

MRS. GLOOP

Think about how that's going to make you feel when you're through.

DR. GLOOP

Oh, well, fine, give the boy an associative disorder, why don't you?

Mrs. Gloop ignores him, smiles AT the CAMERA. Suddenly the PICTURE gets all SNOWY...

MRS. GLOOP

What an extraordinary experience it's going to be for all of us to visit Mr. Wonka's amazing factory!

PULL BACK to reveal an old TV. The picture in black and white, not very clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE (O.S.)

What a revolting couple.

PULL BACK to reveal: the bucket family craning their necks, watching the TV. The four old people in the bed all shake their heads.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

What a repulsive child.

Grandpa George looks at Charlie.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Only four golden tickets left. I wonder who'll get those...

Grandpa Joe stares at the set, a wry smile on his face...

GRANDPA JOE

It's only the beginning. You watch now...

(lies back)

The whole world is gonna go mad...

And now we hear the familiar opening strains of THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE OVER...

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The candy aisle. The shelves seem to go up forever.

INT. CANDY SHOP - DAY

As the proprietor raises the shade on the door and we see hundreds of people outside waiting to get in...

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

As, in SLOW MOTION, we see one child come running around the corner and up the aisle TOWARDS us...

INT. CANDY SHOP - DAY

As the proprietor takes a deep breath and reaches for the lock on the door. The MUSIC CONTINUES OVER...

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

As now dozens of kids come running around the corner. The MUSIC CONTINUES OVER...

INT. CANDY SHOP - DAY

Like a half-off sale at Bloomingdale's. People fight over candy bars. The proprietor can't keep up with the sales...

EXT. CANDY SHOP - DAY

As an envious Charlie watches the frenzy, knows he can't afford to participate, finally moves on as we now hear...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Today, in Monte Sereno,
California, a melee ensued when a
local candy store ran out of Wonka
chocolate bars...

EXT. CANDY SHOP - DAY

As someone throws a tricycle through a window...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Sixteen people were taken to local
hospitals, most with minor
injuries...

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

As we see dozens of people pouring out of the place,
ripping the wrappers off candy bars...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Unfortunately, the scene was
repeated in cities and towns
across America as desperate,
would-be visitors to Willy Wonka's
factory tried to find one of the
four remaining golden tickets...

EXT. MOTEL (NEW JERSEY) - DAY

As a MAN is led handcuffed to a patrol car...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In New Jersey, this morning, a
vending machine repairman named
Eddie Solomon was arrested for
robbing the First Jersey Bank.

SOLOMON (MAN)

(weeping)

Please, just let me open one more!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

It's reported that Solomon got away with over six thousand dollars...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Where we see cops photographing a mountain of Wonka candy bar wrappers in one corner; a mountain of candy bars in the other.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

And spent the entire amount on Wonka candy bars.

EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE - DAY

As a WOMAN addresses a group of reporters. We hear a bit of THUNDER as rain threatens...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

In a suburb of Fort Lauderdale, a woman named Charlotte Russe claimed to have found the second golden ticket...

She holds the ticket up high for all to see as the RAIN starts coming down. And the gold coloring begins to run all over her forehead. The reporters all shake their heads...

WOMAN

What? What's the matter?

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

But it turned out to be a fake.

EXT. HUMONGOUS ESTATE - DAY

Huge, even by Texas standards. A YOUNG WOMAN rides a horse up to the main house, past the Rolls-Royce, Porsche, Jaguar, and Mercedes.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Meanwhile, in Texas, a second -- and authentic -- golden ticket was found by fourteen-year-old Veruca Salt, the daughter of Vernon Salt, billionaire founder of 'Salt's Salted Peanuts.' Tamara Toomey from our affiliate W.T.X.S. has more:

INT. SALT FAMILY MANSION - DAY

Somehow, if it's possible, the place looks even bigger on the inside than it does on the outside. Reporters are served caviar and blinis in the huge marble entry hall. TAMARA TOOMEY ADDRESSES the CAMERA with a flute of champagne in one hand.

TAMARA TOOMEY

Rex, we're told the lucky girl's just finishing up her riding lesson and will be here any minute. Her father, the billionaire peanut tycoon is here, however --

She indicates a MAN, sixty, in a suit and Stetson, milling about, shaking hands. His tie is a bright yellow with a peanut pattern.

TAMARA TOOMEY

Mr. Salt --

The Man turns and grins AT CAMERA.

MR. SALT (MAN)

I don't much like the word 'tycoon,' Tamara.

TAMARA TOOMEY

Oh --

MR. SALT

I prefer 'magnate' or 'mogul.'

He then looks AT the CAMERA and flexes his biceps and grins:

MR. SALT

Hey! We won! We're winners!

TAMARA TOOMEY

Uh, well, could you tell us exactly how Veruca found the second ticket?

MR. SALT

Veruca didn't find the ticket, Lupe did.

TAMARA TOOMEY

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SALT

Lupe Galindez or Sanchez or whatever, works for me as a sheller down at the plant.

TAMARA TOOMEY

I don't understand...

MR. SALT

I got maybe two hundred or so folks working for me, shelling peanuts for roasting and salting. I don't use machines on account of they tend to bruise the nuts. Anyway, a few days ago, I had 'em all stop shellin' peanuts and start shellin' the wrappers off candy bars instead.

TAMARA TOOMEY

Didn't Miss Galindez want the ticket for herself?

MR. SALT

Why would she? It wasn't hers. I was the one who bought the darn candy bar, she just unwrapped it. And besides...

FLASHBACK - INT. FACTORY - DAY

Immigrants working away opening the wrappers of Wonka candy bars, under the watchful eyes of armed guards up on catwalks.

MR. SALT (V.O.)

... my employees feel like they're a part of my family.

A Hispanic WOMAN jumps up... -

WORKER (WOMAN)

I've got --

She stops herself, starts to shove the ticket into her own pocket when we see two armed guards approaching her. She tries to take off running, but is tackled at the door.

MR. SALT (V.O.)

It's not like I didn't take care of her, know what I mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see two shiny cowboy boots approach. She looks up, sees Mr. Salt standing there. He takes out a wad of cash, peels off a twenty and throws it down to her, snatches the golden ticket from her hand.

MR. SALT

You just got yourself a free bag of peanuts, chickie.

INT. SALT MANSION - DAY (PRESENT)

As Mr. Salt holds up the golden ticket.

MR. SALT

It was in candy bar number three thousand twenty-two.

TAMARA TOOMEY

So what'd you do with the other three thousand and twenty-one?

Mr. Salt looks caught for just a second, then...

MR. SALT

Uhhhh, donated 'em all to a local soup kitchen.

(looks O.S.)

Why hello there, darlin'...

VOICE (O.S.)

There she is!

And now we WHIP PAN OVER TO the door as a beautiful young woman in riding get-up comes inside, stops at the sight of all the Reporters...

REPORTERS

Miss Salt! Miss Salt!

The woman smiles at all of the cameras, checks her hair, casually undoes the top button of her blouse.

REPORTER

How does it feel?

WOMAN

Oh, well...

VERUCA (O.S.)

That's not me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now we WHIP PAN once again TO another door as VERUCA SALT, also dressed in riding gear, but covered from head-to-toe with muck and carrying a saddle comes in through another door.

VERUCA

I'm me! That's Joy, my stupid stepmother!

JOY (WOMAN)

But we're like sisters.

VERUCA

I hate your damn guts!

JOY

C'mon, Ruca, aren't you going to introduce me to your friends?

VERUCA

They're not my friends, you moron, they're reporters!

Joy looks at the Reporters. Oh...

VERUCA

Journalists... You mean, like Leeza?

But the Reporters all mow over her and now swarm Veruca, who takes the golden ticket from her father...

REPORTER

Whatta you have to say, Veruca?
How's it feel?

VERUCA

(holds up ticket)

I have the best daddy in the world!

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As the family all watches the snowy television in the house behind them, the family together, gathered around it. The mother sees them looking, gets up and closes the curtains. Now Charlie sees his own mother's reflection in the glass behind him. He turns around.

MRS. BUCKET

Time for bed, Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Mom. He's gonna open the --

MRS. BUCKET

I don't wanna talk about Willy Wonka. But it's your birthday tomorrow. You can talk about him then.

CHARLIE

(hadn't realized)

My birthday...

MRS. BUCKET

Yes... and I'm sure you'll want to get up early to open your presents.

EXT. BUCKET HOUSE - MORNING

We hear WHISPERING OVER...

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - MORNING

Mrs. Bucket and the four grandparents silently pool whatever coins they've got on the center of the bed.

GRANDPA JOE

Go!

Mrs. Bucket scoops up the loose change and hurries out of the room...

GRANDPA GEORGE

Hurry!

EXT. CANDY SHOP - MORNING

As Mrs. Bucket waits for the shopkeeper, just hidden by the "CLOSED" sign, to turn the sign over to "OPEN." Mrs. Bucket goes in...

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - MORNING

As Mrs. Bucket comes back into the bedroom...

EVERYONE

Have you got it? Have you got it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BUCKET

(opens purse)

I got it.

Everyone relaxes as a yawning Charlie now comes into the room and Mrs. Bucket reaches into her purse and takes out a candy bar...

MRS. BUCKET

Happy birthday, Charlie.

The four old people prop themselves up to watch Charlie open his present. His only present: a bar of Wonka's Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

Mrs. Bucket stands at the foot of the bed watching as Charlie looks down at the candy bar. He runs his fingers slowly back and forth along the length of it, the shiny paper wrapper making little sharp crackling noises in the silent room.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

You shouldn't be too disappointed, honey, if you don't find what you're looking for underneath that wrapper.

Charlie looks at his mother, who just smiles.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

After all, in the whole country there's only three tickets left.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

The thing to remember is that whatever happens, you'll still have that bar of chocolate.

Grandpa Joe nods at the bar.

GRANDPA JOE

Wonka's Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight.

(thoughtfully)

Best of them all.

CHARLIE

I know.

The grandparents all smile calmly, or try to. They're all just as excited and anxious as Charlie is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

You'd better go ahead and open it up, or you'll be late for school.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Yeah, you might as well get it over with.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Come on. Open it up, dear.
You're making me jumpy.

And now, very slowly, Charlie's fingers begin to tear open a small corner of the wrapping paper. The old people in the bed all lean forward, craning their scraggly necks...

Then, suddenly, as though he can't bear the suspense anymore, Charlie tears the wrapper right down the middle... and on top of his lap, there falls...

... a light-brown, creamy-colored chocolate candy bar. Just a candy bar. No sign of a golden ticket anywhere.

GRANDPA JOE

Well, that's that! It's just what we expected.

Charlie looks up at the four kind faces looking back at him. He smiles at them, then shrugs his shoulders and holds the candy bar out to his mother.

CHARLIE

Here, Mother, have some.

She looks at him.

CHARLIE

We'll share it. I want everybody to taste it.

The others all look at each other, can't believe how generous this kid is.

MRS. BUCKET

No. Thank you, Charlie.

OTHERS

No, no! We wouldn't dream of it!
It's all yours!

Charlie holds it out to Grandpa Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Please.

They all stare hungrily at the bar, but nobody moves.

CHARLIE

I think I'll save it.

CLOSE ON BOX

as the lid's opened to reveal a collection of paper clips, a bolt, some rubber bands, and several older wrappers of Wonka candy bars.

CHARLIE

takes a tiny bite out of the bar, savors it a moment, then sets the bar in the box with his other treasures.

EXT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY - DAY

As a light snow begins to fall. Charlie Bucket stops, looks up at the factory a moment, then trudges on...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The third of Willy Wonka's five golden tickets was found today in Manhattan by a Miss Violet Beauregarde...

INT. FIFTH AVENUE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Where VIOLET BEAUREGARDE, 12 years old, a two-hundred-dollar hairdo, private school uniform, sits on a white linen couch ADDRESSING CAMERA, an A-one view of the park out the window behind her...

VIOLET

I used to be a gum chewer...

We now WIDEN to reveal her MOTHER -- late thirties, in a dark Donna Karan suit, a hairdo that matches the daughter's.

MS. BEAUREGARDE (MOTHER)

I have to say, it was quite unattractive to see such a pretty young girl's jaws going up and down all day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

Yeah, well, who's she to criticize?

And now her mother stiffens...

VIOLET

Her jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine from chewing Nicorette and yelling into the phone all the time.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

(squeezing Violet)

She is such a wit.

She turns and lifts a sleeve to show the "patch" on her arm.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

I told Vi I would quit smoking if she would quit chewing gum. That I would help her any way I could. Because...

She puts her arm around her daughter.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

That's what best friends do.

VIOLET

The truth is, I'm still a gum-chewer. I always will be. But now I live one day at a time. And today, I know that I did not chew gum. Tomorrow, well... we'll see.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

She came to me one night and said, 'Mother, I have a problem.'

(emotional)

I'm so proud of her...

VIOLET

I told myself that chewing gum all the time was just a tension release...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Violet carries a full course load at Dalton. Five classes a day. Plus piano, figurative drawing, French, advanced viola and Equestrian Dressage with Henrich Von Zernich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

It's six classes. But anyway, now I know that the gum thing was my last link with childhood. I mean, you don't wanna grow up too fast.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

How insightful of you, sweetie. Did I mention that Violet's a member of Mensa? Her I.Q. is way above, you know...

(making quotes with
her fingers)

... 'The norm.'

VIOLET

When this golden ticket thing started, I thought great, I'll just switch to chocolate, which, to tell the truth, I've never really liked it that much on account of what it does to my skin. I mean, I'm always popping something, you know, whiteheads, blackheads...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

A little too much info there, Vi.

VIOLET

Keep your hair on, Mother. Anyway, between classes, I'd go straight to the candy machine. And then today, what do you know -- voila...

She holds up her golden ticket. FLASHBULBS GO OFF.

REPORTER

What do you think of Wonka's chocolate now, Violet?

Violet holds her hand out to indicate "so-so," but her mother quickly pushes it down...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

A wonderful company before, and now with a great price to earning ratio to boot.

(smiles AT CAMERA)

We live in a world of branding and Wonka is still a tremendous brand. Who wouldn't want a glimpse inside?

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie and his Grandparents peer out the window at the house behind them. We can see a small square of light coming from the neighbor's TELEVISION. The window's open so that we can hear the sound...

GRANDPA JOE

What in God's garters is she talking about?

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

What a filthy, nauseating little --

CHARLIE

Grandma.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

And I thought the first two were bad.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Looks like someone got the fourth ticket, too.

And they all quiet down, turn back to the set...

EXT. MODEST SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Crowds out front. Bushes have been trampled. A LITTLE GIRL in an AYSO uniform holding a soccer ball addresses a bouquet of microphones...

LITTLE GIRL

It's not fair -- my stupid brother never would've even found the stupid ticket if it wasn't for me...

A REPORTER in a flower bed giving the following intro...

REPORTER

It looks like thirteen-year-old Mike Teevee from Pasadena, California is going inside Willy Wonka's factory...

INT. MIKE TEEVEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

State-of-the-art clutter. Clothes are strewn about, draped on all of the computer, stereo, and video equipment that seems to take up every inch of space in here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the midst of it all, MIKE TEEVEE, 13, hair in his face, Limp Bizkit T-shirt, sits hunched on his bed, playing several video games at once. The TVs are all stacked on top of each other beside a chest of drawers.

ARIEL TEEVEE -- baggy jeans, T-shirt, lots of makeup, Mike's older sister -- stands crammed into the doorway addressing a group of reporters out in the hall...

ARIEL

Mike actually had the ticket a day and a half ago, but didn't realize it until Trudy came into the room and screamed.

BOOM DOWN TO the bed beside Mike where we see a half-opened Wonka candy bar, a single bite out of it, the golden ticket sticking partway out of the wrapper.

REPORTERS

Mike! How do you feel about meeting Willy Wonka?

Mike says nothing, flings the cat out of his way, keeps playing. We HOLD ON Mike's absorbed, intent face, as...

REPORTER

Where are your parents?

ARIEL

They're not home. My mom's a real estate agent and my dad sells life insurance, so I'm in charge until they get home, which is usually around ten.

Mike squints and winces as he plays...

ARIEL

Mike can beat any game on any level on Bazzamo 64 and has Super Master Access on FunStation 2, which not even the guy who invented it has.

A YOUNGISH REPORTER sits down next to Mike.

YOUNGISH REPORTER

Hey, Mike, you ever play 'Powerbleeder'?

MIKE

It's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG REPORTER

What's your favorite?

Mike doesn't answer. The Reporter shrugs, is about to give up when...

MIKE

I like 'Corpse Killer.' 'Mutant Massacre' and 'Shooter Man.' I also like 'Murder Town,' 'Oblivion' and 'Detonator 2000'... although technically I'm not supposed to play that one until I'm twenty-one. I'm just now getting into 'Hollowpoint' and 'Sawed Off' -- you know the one about the midget with a twelve gauge, goes around teaching tolerance? Very cool. I also like 'Over-Under,' 'Gas Mouth,' 'Dick Sickem and his dog Rip' -- that one not to be confused with 'Gnawsome' the one with the killer Rotweillers? Right now, I'm playing 'Head-Off," this German game supposed to be banned in about twenty-seven states -- oh, man --

He sets down the controller, shakes his head.

MIKE

I just got decapitated.

He takes a swig of red-colored Powerade. Looks around the room.

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As everyone just stares out the window, speechless.

GRANDPA GEORGE

For Pete's sake...

(yells out window)

Turn it off!

Charlie looks out the window at the factory.

CHARLIE

Only one more golden ticket left.

They all stare out the window now. A light snow falls.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE
(finally)
It's gonna be a cold winter.

ON CHARLIE'S TREASURE BOX

as he takes out the candy bar -- three-quarters gone now
-- and takes another nibble...

EXT. BLOCK OF HOUSES - DAY

Snow falls as we see Charlie, a shovel in his hand, start
up a walk in the b.g., and knock on a door.

CHARLIE
Shovel your walk, ma'am?

EXT. SAME STREET - LATER

As Charlie finishes shoveling and a WOMAN gives him a
penny for his trouble.

CHARLIE
(stares at it)
A penny... Thank you, ma'am.

WOMAN
That's got a picture of President
Lincoln on it.

CHARLIE
Yes, ma'am. I see.

WOMAN
Very shiny..

CHARLIE
Uh-huh. Thank you.

He moves on to the next house.

EXT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As Charlie trudges up the walk...

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As Charlie ladles watery soup into the bowls. Grandpa
Joe dips his spoon into the bowl, comes up with a tiny
piece of cabbage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sees Mrs. Bucket looking at them all from the doorway. She's just got home. She smiles.

MRS. BUCKET
Smells delicious.

Charlie gives her a bowl.

MRS. BUCKET
Not too much for me, now.

He looks at her.

MRS. BUCKET
Save some for your father.

Charlie looks at the others who nod gently. He fills another bowl and sets it aside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

Where Charlie and his parents all lie shivering on the lumpy mattress. Charlie sighs, rolls over, opens his eyes, then bolts upright as he sees...

GRANDPA JOE

standing by the window -- yes, standing -- his dressing gown aglow in the moonlight. His long hair flowing around him.

CHARLIE
(whispers)
Grandpa Joe?

The old man stares out the window at the chocolate factory. His legs start to shake and he holds onto the back of a chair for his support. Charlie comes over to him.

CHARLIE
Are you all right? I don't think
I've ever seen you out of bed
before.

GRANDPA JOE
She misses your father so much,
she doesn't want to believe the
truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie says nothing.

GRANDPA JOE

I miss him, too. I miss his laugh. The way he'd come home and laugh the minute he walked through the door. Even as a boy, he had the greatest laugh in the whole world.

Grandpa Joe looks out at the chocolate factory. The windows all lit up.

GRANDPA JOE

But he never laughed more than when he'd talk about the factory. Every night, he'd sit down and tell us all stories about what it was like to build it. Stories about Wonka and all the magnificent rooms he built for him. He'd tell those stories to you, too.

CHARLIE

Me? I wasn't born.

GRANDPA JOE

No. You weren't. But you were here.

A tear runs down his cheek and Grandpa Joe struggles to hold himself up.

CHARLIE

Careful, you're gonna fall...

GRANDPA JOE

One thing is certain, stay in your bed your whole life, you never fall down.

(then)

But you never go anywhere, either.

He looks at Charlie now.

GRANDPA JOE

I'm talking about risk, Charlie. I'm talking about how, in life, a person's gotta take a risk every now and then. That's what I always told your father.

He looks out at the factory once more.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE

And he took risks. All the time.
I wonder what he would say if we
asked him...

CHARLIE

Asked him what?

GRANDPA JOE

If we asked him...
(looks at factory)
'Was it worth it?'

He turns back to Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE

We have to get in there, Charlie.
We have to get into that factory.
We have to know the answer to that
very question. 'Was it worth it?'

CHARLIE

But how --

Grandpa Joe beckons him to come closer. Charlie does and
Grandpa Joe holds out an ancient leather purse clutched
in his fingers.

He tips it upside down into his other palm. Out falls a
single ten-cent piece that glints in the moonlight.

GRANDPA JOE

It's my secret hoard. The others
don't know I've got it.
(smiles)
You and I are going to have one
more fling at finding that last
ticket.

Charlie stares at the coin.

CHARLIE

Are you sure you want to spend
your money on that, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE

Have you not heard a word I said?

He puts the coin in Charlie's hand.

GRANDPA JOE

Let's take a risk, Charlie.
Together. You and me.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

As Charlie runs up, sees a display of candy bars.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)
Tomorrow, after school, you buy
the first Wonka candy bar you
see...

EXT. BUCKET HOUSE - DAY

As Charlie hurries up the walk...

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)
Then bring it straight back here
and we'll open it together.

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - DAY

As Charlie comes back into the bedroom. Grandpa Joe is
back in bed with the other three who all snore loudly.
He sits up on an elbow as Charlie comes in...

GRANDPA JOE
Have you got it?

Charlie nods and holds out a bar of Wonka's Nutty Crunch
Surprise. Grandpa Joe takes the bar, stares at it.

CHARLIE
Are you as nervous as me?

GRANDPA JOE
You kidding? I haven't been able
to sleep all day.
(then)
You ready?

CHARLIE
I'm ready.

GRANDPA JOE
(tries to hand
it back)
All right, you tear off the first
bit.

CHARLIE
No, you paid for it. You do it
all.

The old man's fingers tremble as he fumbles with the
candy bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE

We don't have a prayer. You know that, don't you?

Charlie nods and they look at each other and giggle nervously.

GRANDPA JOE

Mind you, there is just that tiny chance that it might be the one.

CHARLIE

(anxious)

Why don't you open it, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE

All in good time, my boy, all in good time. Which end do you think I ought to open first?

CHARLIE

That corner. The one furthest from you. Just tear off a tiny bit, but not enough for us to see anything.

GRANDPA JOE

(does it)

Like that?

CHARLIE

Now a little bit more.

GRANDPA JOE

You finish it. I'm too nervous.

CHARLIE

No, Grandpa. You have to do it yourself.

GRANDPA JOE

Very well, then. Here goes.

He tears off the wrapper and they both stare at what lies underneath.

A bar of candy -- nothing more. _

They look at each other and all at once burst into peals of laughter. The other three old folks stir, start to wake up.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

What the heck's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The other two wake up as well now, all of them grumbling.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Joe? Why are you awake? Is something wrong?

GRANDPA JOE

No. Nothing's wrong. You all go on back to sleep.

Charlie and Grandpa Joe keep on laughing, their LAUGHTER ECHOING OVER...

EXT. CHARLIE'S TOWN - DAY

Snow coming down, the weather turning bitter cold.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

That boy is going to starve.

A hat is blown off a man's head by the icy WIND. He chases after it. But that hat stays ahead of him. We FOLLOW the hat as it blows further away from him, down the street, past...

BUCKETS' HOUSE

As Charlie walks heavily up the walk carrying his snow shovel.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

We have to do something.

EXT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY - DAY

As little Charlie Bucket trudges past the factory. He stops outside the enormous gate, lifts his nose to the air, sniffs the wonderful sweet smell of chocolate. Charlie takes deep, swallowing breaths as though he's trying to eat the smell.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

That child has got to have more food.

INT. BUCKET BEDROOM - DAY

As Grandpa Joe whispers to Grandma Josephine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE

It doesn't matter about us, but he
can't go on like this.

He looks off, then lowers his voice...

GRANDPA JOE

You know why he's leaving for
school so early these days?

EXT. STREET - DAY

As Charlie walks slowly to school.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

So he doesn't have to walk so
fast. He's trying to save his
strength. He doesn't think we
notice...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

As Charlie puts his head down on his desk while the other
kids rush past him out of the room.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

I bet he's not even playing,
either.

We see the other kids THROUGH the windows, throwing
snowballs, having a good time. As Charlie closes his
eyes.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

He's beginning to look like a
skeleton!

INT. BUCKET BEDROOM - DAY

As Grandma Georgina rolls over in sync with Grandpa
George.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

He's beginning to look like us.

GRANDPA GEORGE

But what can we do? He refuses to
take any of our food...

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

His mother tried to slip her own
piece of bread onto his plate at
breakfast this morning...

FLASHBACK - INT. BUCKET KITCHEN - MORNING

As Charlie holds out a piece of toast for his mother, shaking his head...

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE (V.O.)
... but he wouldn't touch it, he
made her take it back.

INT. BUCKET BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

As Grandpa Joe shakes his head.

GRANDPA JOE
I don't know what we're gonna do,
but if we don't do something, that
boy's gonna die.

GRANDPA GEORGE
We're all gonna die anyway.

GRANDMA GEORGINA
(hits him)
Oh, that's a happy thought.

ON CHARLIE'S TREASURE BOX

As Charlie opens it, takes out the now empty wrapper that was once his most recent candy bar.

MRS. BUCKET (O.S.)
Dinner!

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Mrs. Bucket stands stirring the soup at the stove. She watches out of the corner of her eye as Charlie opens a cookie jar and we hear the TINK TINK of a couple of small COINS. He glances at her, then peers into...

BACK BEDROOM

Where the four old people lie in bed. Charlie sits at the window looking out..

GRANDMA GEORGINA
Bet I know what we're having.

GRANDPA GEORGE
Steaming stew and mashed --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE
-- potatoes and hot --

GRANDMA GEORGINA
-- apple pie. And delicious --

GRANDPA JOE
Stop it!

They all look at him. He nods to Charlie at the window.

GRANDPA JOE
Just stop it.

CHARLIE'S POV - HOUSE BEHIND THEM

A family all sitting down to a big dinner. We see the reflection of Charlie's mother as she comes in with a tray...

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. BUCKET
Here we go...

And they all turn and watch as Mrs. Bucket ladles out the soup which, tonight, is no more than water with a few tiny pieces of cabbage.

CHARLIE
Delicious. Thank you.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As Charlie walks home with the icy WIND in his face. Every step through the snow seems to exhaust him. His eyes catch something on the ground in front of him. A piece of paper. Green. Familiar. Buried in the snow. He crouches down...

We see it now, know at once what it is: a dollar bill!

Charlie reaches for it, his hand nearly stepped on by pedestrians as he pulls it free of the snow...

He looks quickly around him. Had somebody just dropped it? People hurry past him on the sidewalk, their chins sunk deep in the collars of their coats, no one taking the slightest notice of the little boy crouched on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then a GUST of WIND blows the bill from his hand and into the moving crowd where Charlie loses sight of it among all of the rain boots and galoshes. Desperate now, Charlie crawls along the ground this way and that, trying to find it again.

He sees it. It get stepped on. Blows out of reach. Gets stepped on again. Charlie crawls for it. Reaches for it. Gets his hand on it when someone steps on his hand...

CHARLIE

Hey!

But Charlie hangs onto the bill and when he stands up, he's now got it firmly grasped in his hand. He senses something, waits for people to move on by, looks across the street at...

CANDY SHOP

The window is positively jammed with chocolates of all sorts and sizes. He PUSH IN as Charlie moves INTO FRAME and crosses to the shop...

INT. CANDY SHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Quiet, save the TINKLE TINKLE of the BELL as Charlie slips inside. He walks to the counter, but no one is there. He sees a display of Wonka's Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delights. He looks around anxiously, starving...

CHARLIE

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Charlie looks to the back stockroom; we see the PROPRIETOR sitting in a chair, his face hidden behind an open newspaper.

CHARLIE

I'd like a candy bar, please.

PROPRIETOR

Got plenty of those.

CHARLIE

I'd like a Wonka Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROPRIETOR

Fine choice.

Charlie waits for the man to get up and help him. But the man doesn't move, just sits and reads his paper. Charlie looks at the candy bars...

CHARLIE

Should I just --

PROPRIETOR

Help yourself, sport.

Charlie takes a bar down from the rack.

PROPRIETOR

That'll be fifty cents.

CHARLIE

(holds up bill)

I have a dollar.

PROPRIETOR

Then you get fifty cents back.
Help yourself.

Again, Charlie waits for the man to get up and take his money. But the man remains hidden behind his paper. Finally...

PROPRIETOR

The register's open.

Charlie walks behind the counter, sees that the register is indeed open. He stares at all of the money in the drawer a moment. He looks back at the Proprietor, his nose still in the paper, then slips his dollar in the tray, and takes his rightful change.

PROPRIETOR

Thank you. Have a nice day.

Charlie barely makes it to the door before he rips off the wrapper of the candy bar and shoves it all into his mouth.

PROPRIETOR

You really wanted that one, didn't you, sport?

Charlie looks at the man behind the newspaper, his mouth bulging with chocolate and just nods...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

M-hm...

He keeps wolfing it down.

PROPRIETOR

It'll give you a stomachache, you
swallow it without chewing.

Charlie looks at the change in his palm. Reaches for the door. He hesitates. He looks at the stockroom, says quietly:

CHARLIE

I think I'll have another.

PROPRIETOR

Are you sure? You don't wanna
spoil your dinner.

CHARLIE

I'm sure...

Charlie's already walking back to the rack where he takes down another candy bar, then walks around the counter, and deposits his remaining fifty cents in the cash drawer, then starts out.

PROPRIETOR

Have a nice day.

CHARLIE

You too.

EXT. CANDY SHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION

As Charlie walks out the door and tears the wrapper off the candy bar. We see a brilliant flash of gold as something drops to the snowy ground. Charlie looks down at...

A golden ticket. A golden ticket! He bends down and picks it up, stares at it dumbly...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, it's a golden ticket!

Charlie looks up at a KID who's just stopped beside him.

KID

You got the last golden ticket!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, there's a CROWD of people pushing in all around Charlie.

SOMEONE

Where is it? Hold it up so we can see it!

Charlie doesn't move. He stands there, frozen to the spot. Clutching his candy bar. A hand rests on his shoulder. He looks up at a MAN who winks at him.

MAN

I'll give you fifty bucks, kid.
Right now.

CHARLIE

What?

MAN

For the ticket. How 'bout it,
huh? I'll buy you a new bicycle,
too...

WOMAN

Are you crazy? Don't do it, kid!
(then)
I'll give you five hundred dollars
for it! You wanna sell that dumb
ticket for five hundred dollars?

VOICE (O.S.)

Go on home, sport...

Charlie looks up, but can't see the Proprietor for the glare of the sun and all the faces that now crowd around him.

PROPRIETOR

Go on and don't let anyone have
it. Just run on home... Now?!

Charlie pushes through the crowd and starts running.

PROPRIETOR

Run all the way and don't stop
until you get there!

Charlie runs through the streets. Runs like we've never seen him run before.

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DAY

As Charlie runs by, pausing long enough to wave and shout:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I'll be seeing you! I'll be
seeing you, soon!

We then CRANE UP as the boy tears off down the street for home.

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - NIGHT

As Charlie bursts through the front door.

CHARLIE

I'm home!

We hear MURMURING O.S., and Charlie turns and goes into...

BEDROOM

Where the family is huddled around the grandparents' bed, eating dinner.

MRS. BUCKET

I could send him to Aunt Alice's.

GRANDPA JOE

Alice -- she's crazy.

MRS. BUCKET

She's employed.

GRANDPA JOE

As a cat psychic.

They all turn as Charlie comes into the room.

MRS. BUCKET

Charlie -- we were starting to
worry.

CHARLIE

Mom --

MRS. BUCKET

Have some dinner...

CHARLIE

Listen -- all of you -- I --

GRANDPA GEORGE

You know, I bet there's some work
north of here --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

I just got the very last --

GRANDMA GEORGINA

I'm not moving any farther north!
It's cold enough here as it is!

CHARLIE

Listen, I found a --

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Maybe we oughta do what other poor
people do and start buying lottery
tickets.

MRS. BUCKET

We'll figure out something --

Charlie whistles, then...

CHARLIE

Look!

He sets the golden ticket on the bed in front of all of
them. They all freeze.

GRANDPA JOE

What the hell is that?

CHARLIE

It's a golden ticket!

They all just look at him stupidly.

CHARLIE

I found a dollar bill on the
sidewalk! I bought two candy bars
with it and --

GRANDPA GEORGE

Are you pulling our leg, Charlie?
Having a little joke at our
expense?

Grandpa Joe snatches up the ticket and starts to read
it...

GRANDPA JOE

'Greetings to you, the lucky
finder of this golden ticket from
Mr. Willy Wonka. I shake you
warmly by the hand...'

He looks up at Charlie. Stunned. Numb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE

This is real, isn't it?

CHARLIE

Yes --

GRANDPA JOE

You found the fifth golden
ticket --

CHARLIE

Yes!

Every begins speaking at once. Charlie's mother hugs him
and covers him with kisses.

MRS. BUCKET

It's a miracle...

CHARLIE

I found a dollar! I was just
walking along and there it was in
the snow...

GRANDMA GEORGINA

You're going into the factory --

CHARLIE

I know I should've brought the
money home, but -

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Nonsense! You did the right
thing!

GRANDPA GEORGE

A lifetime supply of chocolate --

Grandpa Joe goes back to reading the ticket --

GRANDPA JOE

'Tremendous things are in store
for you! May wonderful surprises
await you!'... blah blah blah...
'in your wildest dreams you could
not imagine such things could
happen...' blah blah blah... 'the
visit is on the first day of the
month of February... come to the
factory gates at ten o'clock --'

MRS. BUCKET

First day of February...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence. They all look at her.

MRS. BUCKET

That's tomorrow.

GRANDPA JOE

It says you're allowed to bring
one or two members of your own
family --

(reads)

' -- to look after you and to
insure that you don't get into
mischief.'

GRANDMA GEORGINA

As if Charlie Bucket would get
into mischief.

GRANDPA JOE

But still, someone oughta go with
him, don't you think?

Mrs. Bucket looks at Grandpa Joe. He looks back. A
moment.

MRS. BUCKET

I think you should go, Grandpa
Joe.

GRANDPA JOE

You're the boy's mother.

MRS. BUCKET

You know I'm not going in that
factory.

They all look at Grandpa Joe.

CHARLIE

Grandpa?

The old man turns to look at him.

CHARLIE

Let's take a risk.

GRANDPA JOE

(beat, nods)

Right. Let's do that...

And suddenly everyone's laughing and hugging each other.
It's now that we hear a LOUD KNOCK at the door and they
all stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. BUCKET

Who on earth could that be?

They all crane their necks as Charlie goes to the door.

ON DOOR

As Charlie reaches for the knob, opens the door to reveal:

MOB OF REPORTERS

A rush of voices and flashbulbs as the little boy stands there staring up at all of them as they call his name over and over, his eyes going ever wider as we hear...

VOICES (O.S.)

Charlie! Charlie! How'd you find
the ticket? How many candy bars
you buy?! How's it feel?!
Charlie! Charlie!

Charlie just stands there staring at all of the POPPING FLASHBULBS in front of him. ON one of them, we then...

CUT TO:

EXT. WONKA'S FACTORY - MORNING

Snow falls as a crowd of gawkers press up against the gates. A row of policemen link arms to keep the crowds back. More reporters and photographers surround the group.

Grandpa Joe and Charlie get lost in the crowd as they try to make their way over to the gates where...

A polka band plays where some of the other ticket holders and their parents stand shielded by a ring of cops. We hear the kids in the crowd as they spot each one of the ticket holders...

VOICE (O.S.)

There's the fat one!

And sure enough, there's Augustus Gloop, his mouth chewing on something, standing there with his mother and father. Mrs. Gloop looks down at her son, notices his jaws moving...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. GLOOP
Augustus, what are you eating?

AUGUSTUS
(mouth full)
Uhhhh... broccoli?

She yanks the Twinkie wrapper sticking out of his pocket, looks at it and shakes her head.

MRS. GLOOP
I'm very disappointed.

He then holds out her hand...

MRS. GLOOP
Spit it out.

The crowd groans as he spits out a mouthful of partially-chewed Twinkie...

VOICE (O.S.)
There's the rich one!

ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)
And her mom! What a babe!

Veruca tries not to look as her stepmother, all done up in tight leather pants and angora blouse, poses for snapshots.

STILL ANOTHER VOICE (V.O.)
There's the brainy one!

Violet Beauregarde, dressed like her mother in a Donna Karan suit, blows a huge bubble for the crowd. Her mother talks on her cell phone...

MS. BEAUREGARDE
... You just tell Baumont that
I'll be in right after lunch
sometime, and if that's not good
enough, he can just --
(looks at Violet)
Careful, Vi, you're gonna mess up
your lipstick...

VOICE (V.O.)
There's the TV-kid!

Mike Teevee comes zooming through the crowd on a skateboard. He nearly knocks over Charlie, who falls into Grandpa Joe who stands beside him in what looks like a hundred-year-old suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Incoming!

He does a "grind" on the curb, then leaps off. He takes a Gameboy out of his pocket and sits down and starts to play.

GRANDPA JOE

Hey -- watch it, kid.

MIKE

Bite me, pops.

VOICE (O.S.)

Something's happening!

The gates start to open and the entire crowd falls silent. A door opens and everyone watches as a tall FIGURE dressed in a dark purple cloak and top hat emerges.

VOICES (O.S.)

There he is! That's Willy Wonka!

The Figure flicks aside a cigarette.

CHARLIE

Is he smoking?

The Figure takes a step, stumbles a bit, seems a bit unsteady, wears dark sunglasses under the top hat.

MR. SALT

Is he... drunk?

He then reaches into his cloak and lobs an object at the crowd, then another, and another. At first everyone covers up, then shrieks with delight as they realize he's throwing candy bars at them.

FIGURE

Hello! Hello!

The man starts coughing, doubles over, totters a bit, then rights himself against the wall.

FIGURE

I have an announcement to make...

Everyone waits as the Figure coughs again, then...

FIGURE

The tour... has been cancelled!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gasps from the crowd.

CHARLIE

What --

GRANDPA JOE

I can't believe it.

FIGURE

(then)

Just kidding!

The crowd all seems to sigh, then laugh at once.

FIGURE

But!

(silence)

And this is a big but! A really
big but! A huge, very large
but...

(chuckles, then)

If any of you kiddies do not have
your Golden Ticket on your person,
you will not be coming inside...
no matter how much you whine,
snivel or beg!

(coughs)

All right, then, follow me!

And now the figure turns and heads back inside the big
metal door. The five kids and their escort hurry inside
the gates.

Charlie looks back as the crowd cheers them on, hurries
after his grandfather, and goes through the door into...

INT. WONKA FACTORY - MILE LONG CORRIDOR - DAY

And as Charlie steps inside, the big metal door closes
behind the group and the cheering outside is abruptly cut
off. All we hear now is a SOFT, MECHANICAL HUMMING.

MRS. GLOOP

I can't see a thing...

Dim lights illuminate the narrow corridor that seems to
go on forever. Charlie looks up at the old pipes that
run along the ceiling, the sound of LIQUIDS SURGING
coming from within them.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Where'd he go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GLOOP

Down there!

And sure enough, far down the seemingly endless corridor, they see the figure walking at a clip. They all hurry after him.

FIGURE

If any of you kiddies do not have
your Golden Ticket on your person,
you will not be coming inside...

And now the figure starts to run and the group has to run just to keep him in sight way down where he is. Mike Teevee skates on his board past the group...

MR. SALT

Where's he going...?

And now they hear GIGGLING coming from the figure as he teeters about, runs into the wall and then falls. Everyone freezes, including Mike Teevee who pops his skateboard.

MRS. GLOOP

Is he all right?

But then, from underneath the cloak, we see a tiny figure, no more than knee-high, emerge and take off at a sprint down the corridor while another tiny figure struggles to get free of the cloak, then takes off after the first one, laughing.

CHARLIE

Grandpa?

Charlie runs to the fallen cloak and picks up a TAPE RECORDER.

RECORDER (V.O.)

... No matter how much you whine,
snivel or beg!

(cough)

All right, then, follow me!

GRANDPA JOE

I'll be --

And now we see a tiny pinprick of light as a door way down the corridor is opened and a MAN emerges.

MAN

Very funny! Very funny...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The group watches as this man now, swinging a walking stick, walks towards them, picks up the cloak and hat and puts them on as he approaches... which seems to take forever...

VIOLET

Who's this?

Wonka walks right up to the group. He wears, of all things, a Japanese kimono. His hair sticks up. His eyes are red. It looks like he either had been partying all night or he just woke up.

WONKA

I'm Wonka. The real Wonka, thank you. I'm sorry about the, uh, episode out front, but I was locked in the... oh, never mind...

We hear ODD LAUGHTER down the corridor. Wonka turns and calls off in that direction:

WONKA

Yes, yes, we all enjoyed your little joke! It was hysterical...

DR. GLOOP

Whose little joke --

WONKA

Anyway, I guess some welcoming remarks are in order.

(clears his throat)

Brevity is the soul of wit... or lingerie as someone once said. So, anyway, uh, to thine own self be true. And, of course, people who live in glass houses, dress in the basement. Which reminds me, you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. And finally, and this is something none of you should ever forget: a burnt cat will avoid a cold stove. M-mm.

No one moves. What? He smiles, removes what appears to be a metal cigarette case and opens it...

WONKA

Chocolate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now everyone sees the case is filled with a row of narrow chocolate cylinders. The kids all take one, except for Augustus who grabs several, shoves them all into his mouth.

AUGUSTUS

Thank you...

WONKA

My, you're a fat one, aren't you?
I can see we've set a lot of
limits in your house.

MRS. GLOOP

It's not his fault.

Wonka looks at her and smiles.

WONKA

Of course it isn't his fault.

But before she can react to his implication, he smiles at Violet.

WONKA

Violet, a pleasure to meet you.
And this must be your mo --

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Yes. right. Listen, Mr. Wonka, I
was just wondering exactly how
long this little event's going to
take?

WONKA

How long?

MS. BEAUREGARDE

See, I have a four-thirty that I
really can't miss...

WONKA

A four-thirty? Is that a train?

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Uh, no, it's a meeting.

WONKA

Ahhh. I see... Hm.
(then)

I know. Why don't you go right
now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. BEAUREGARDE

What?

WONKA

That way you won't miss your four-thirty.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Uh...

She sees Violet glaring at her.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Never mind. I'll figure something out.

He then turns to the Salts...

WONKA

Mr. Salt, how are you? Nice to see you. And you must be Ver --

The young Mrs. Salt is about to hold out her hand to Wonka, but Veruca pushes in front of her.

VERUCA

I'm Veruca.

WONKA

Yes, of course. What an interesting name you've got. Of course, I always thought a Veruca was a sort of growth you got on the sole of your foot, but I must be wrong, mustn't I?

MIKE

Yes!

He makes a fist as he stares at his latest score on his Gameboy.

WONKA

Mike, yes indeed, hello there.
(looks around)
Where are your parents?

MIKE

(playing)
My mom had an open house and my dad had to close a client.

WONKA

Busy busy... I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He watches as Mike plays another round on the Gameboy, his face screwed up with concentration.

WONKA

What's that you've got there?

MIKE

It's a Gameboy.

WONKA

What's it do?

MIKE

You play it.

WONKA

The ocean does not choose its trash.

MIKE

Huh?

WONKA

Nice to have you with us, Mike.

Mike looks up. Wonka turns and casts his gaze upon Charlie and Grandpa Joe.

WONKA

Hello, Charlie. This must be your great, great, great... great grandpa?

CHARLIE

My Grandpa Joe...

GRANDPA

Mr. Wonka...

WONKA

Grandpa Joe.

The two men exchange a look. Recognition. Have they met before? Then...

WONKA

Well, I'm glad you both made it. I read in the paper how you only just yesterday found your ticket.

CHARLIE

I was lucky I found a --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

(cuts him off)

It's time now to begin!

He stops at a red door. A row of coat pegs beside it.

WONKA

You can all hang your coats right here. It's nice and warm in the factory...

They all hang up their coats. Wonka takes off the kimono and now we see he's wearing a dark purple coat underneath. He grabs a top hat off the rack and puts it on. As he opens the door...

WONKA

You can leave that skateboard out here, too, Mike. It'll be fine.

As Mike sets his skateboard down and follows the rest of the group through the door, we HOLD ON the skateboard. Two tiny hands grab it... a second later we hear a HIGH-PITCHED YAHOO!

Mike glances up the hall, catches the barest glimpse of a small figure zipping around the corner.

WONKA

(sticks his head out door)

This way, Mike.

Mike follows Wonka through the door into...

GIANT MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

That's right, a giant movie theater lobby.

WONKA

Come on in, everybody...

Wonka sees the group checking out a huge old candy counter that lines the wall.

WONKA

Isn't that a beauty? I just love old candy counters.

(indicates rest of lobby)

I collect them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see now that there are dozens of different candy counters in here. Grandpa Joe and Charlie watch as he runs his hand along the top of a particularly grand specimen...

WONKA

This one's from the old Buffalo Bijou. They tore it down a few years ago and I saved it from becoming part of a coffee bar in Seattle.

He watches as the kids all look at the dizzying array of sweets that are stocked in this room.

WONKA

There's something wonderful about a good candy counter, isn't there? Most important part of going to the movies.

He looks at Ms. Beauregarde who's now standing right next to him.

WONKA

I don't know about you, but I find the candy's always better than the movie.

Wonka grabs an usher's flashlight off the counter and heads for the theater "ENTRANCE."

WONKA

Shall we start the show?

INT. "MOVIE THEATER" - DAY

As Charlie takes his grandfather's hand and follows Wonka and the group down what seems like an endless movie theater aisle. A curtained screen can just barely be seen at the bottom...

WONKA

My workers love the movies. Kurasawa. Fellini. Meyer. They love them all.

VERUCA

It's hot in here.

WONKA

My workers are used to a hot climate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS

Where are the workers?

WONKA

All in good time, my boy. Be patient. You shall see everything as we go along. This way, please...

Far away in the distance, from the heart of the great factory, comes a MUFFLED ROAR, as though some GIANT MACHINE is spinning its wheels at breakneck speed.

WONKA

Now the more attentive of you may have noticed that we are going down a rather steep angle. That's because the most important rooms in my factory are underground, way down deep below the surface.

MR. SALT

Why is that?

WONKA

There wouldn't nearly be enough space for them up on top. The rooms you're about to see are humongous! No building in the world would be able to house them!

He leads them to the curtain that hides the screen down at the bottom.

WONKA

This way.

He moves to the opening in the center, snaps his fingers and waits. He glances back over his shoulder at the darkness at the top of the theater and snaps his fingers again.

WONKA

(beat)

Ahem!

We hear GIGGLING up where the projection booth would be, then a spotlight comes on and the curtains part just wide enough so that we can see a door in the bottom of the screen.

WONKA

Here we are. The most important room of all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As everyone crowds around him, we see the words:

"THE CHOCOLATE ROOM"

Wonka removes a giant key ring from his pocket and is about to insert a key into the lock when the door is suddenly unlocked and then opened from the inside. Wonka shakes his head, then calls into the room on the other side...

WONKA

Thank you... so much.

And now Wonka widens the door and the group steps inside and simultaneously drop their jaws and gape at...

INT. ROOM - HUGE VALLEY

With green meadows that are separated by a brown river at the bottom. Halfway down the river is a giant waterfall.

Trees and bushes grow along the riverbanks -- weeping willows and alders and tall clumps of rhododendrons with pink and red and mauve blossoms. In the meadows are literally thousands of buttercups.

CHARLIE

What happened? Where's the Chocolate Room?

WONKA

This is the Chocolate Room.

Charlie and Grandpa Joe both look up and sure enough, way up above them are catwalks and lights.

AUGUSTUS

Where's the chocolate?

WONKA

See that river down there?

He points with his walking stick to the surging brown river far below.

WONKA

It's all chocolate.

AUGUSTUS

(weak-kneed)

All of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Every last drop. The whole river is made up of hot, melted chocolate of the very finest quality.

Augustus's jaw lowers an inch or two to allow a bit of drool to escape.

WONKA

In fact, there's enough chocolate in there to fill every pot, barrel and bathtub in the entire country! All the swimming pools...
(looks at Mrs. Salt)
... and hot tubs, too.

And now, as if in a trance, Augustus starts hiking down the hill towards the river.

AUGUSTUS

Can I have some...

MRS. GLOOP

Auggie, no!
(then)
Auggie -- freeze!

The kid obeys, but then Mrs. Gloop realizes everyone is staring at her. She smiles at her son...

MRS. GLOOP

I mean, I can't let you go down there, Auggie.

The boy stops, stares longingly at the river.

WONKA

See those pipes over there...

A series of glass pipes can be seen running from the river at the far end all the way up to the ceiling. Inside the pipes the brown liquid bubbles and churns as it's sucked upward.

WONKA

They suck up the chocolate and carry it away to all the other rooms in the factory where it's needed. Thousands of gallons an hour, my dear children. Thousands of gallons...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all stop and stare at the unbelievable sight before them.

WONKA

Now, you see the waterfall?

He points to a spot upstream where the river tumbles Niagara-like over huge rocks, then falls hundreds of feet...

WONKA

The waterfall is the most important part of the whole process. It mixes the chocolate.

OVER DIFFERENT SHOTS OF CHOCOLATE WATERFALL

WONKA

It pounds it and beats it. It makes it light and frothy. No other factory in the world mixes its chocolate by waterfall, which is appalling when you think about it, because it's the only way to do it properly! The only way!

And now Wonka starts down the hill, gesturing with his stick all the while.

WONKA

Check out the trees and the meadows. The whole countryside is edible! Even the rocks!

Mike Teevee, bored, shakes his head...

MIKE

I'm not eating no rocks or meadows.

He sits down on a rock, plays with his Gameboy.

WONKA

In fact, the grass you are standing on is made of a new kind of soft, minty sugar that I've just invented! I call it... uh... I call it... I don't know... I call it...

(making up name
on spot)

Swudge. Go ahead... try a blade.
It's delicious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Automatically everybody bends down and tries a blade of the grass -- all except for Augustus who rips out a handful of turf and shoves it into his mouth.

MIKE

I'm not eating no sludge neither.

He turns away, sets his Gameboy down on the rock beside him.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

(into cell phone)

Marty? I'm losing you!

(quickly to Violet)

Go on, eat the grass, dear. Isn't that amazing? Mmm. Yummmmm...

(into phone)

That is a bunch of crap, Marty, and you know it! When have I ever missed a meeting? Answer me that!

(then)

That's because nobody told me about it... hello? I'm losing you!

She takes the phone away from her ear, looks around.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Can't get any reception in here...

Charlie takes a bite of the candy grass...

CHARLIE

(a mouthful)

Wow... that's good...

GRANDPA JOE

I could eat a whole field.

WONKA

Try a-buttercup. They're even better.

Suddenly we hear a SCREAM and everyone turns and looks at Veruca who frantically points to the other side of the river.

VERUCA

Look! Look over there! What is it?

MRS. SALT

It's moving -- it's walking!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

It's a little man!

We see a GLIMPSE of tiny figures moving rapidly through the grass... so rapidly, in fact, they're only a blur.

MR. SALT

There's another one!

The figures duck out of sight now as the group moves closer to the river to get a better look. One of them stops moving just long enough to point to the kids, whisper something to another and then burst out laughing.

CHARLIE

They can't be real people.

WONKA

Of course they're real people.
They're Oompa-Loompas!

MRS. GLOOP

Oompa-Loompas?

We see them zipping this way and that now...

WONKA

I should warn you about the Oompa-Loompas, they're rather mischievous and very curious. They also like to --

We hear Mike Teevee scream.

MIKE

Hey!

Everyone turns to him. Mike stands up, an anguished look on his face.

MIKE

Somebody stole my Gameboy!

Wonka sees for a split second, two Oompa-Loompas fighting over the Gameboy before a third Oompa-Loompa appears riding Mike's skateboard, snatches the Gameboy away from the first two, and rides off into the meadow...

WONKA

-- to borrow things.

MIKE

It's gone! Someone stole it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

I'm sure you just misplaced it.

MIKE

What am I supposed to do now?!

WONKA

How 'bout paying attention?

MIKE

I didn't bring a back-up...

Mike starts to shake uncontrollably.

MIKE

I can't believe this is happening.
I need my Gameboy! I have to have
it!

MRS. GLOOP

(to husband)

Clearly a self object.

He motions her away with a "I'll handle this, dear"
gesture, then crouches down in front of Mike.

DR. GLOOP

That toy meant a lot to you,
didn't it?

MIKE

Toy?

DR. GLOOP

And I know that you're-very
angry... about a lot of things.
But you have to find a way to move
on now.

(puts hand on
boy's shoulder)

Tell me, Matt --

MIKE

Mike.

DR. GLOOP

Would it be all right if I hugged
you?

MIKE

Would it be alright if I kicked
your --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SALT
(screeches)
Ooooooh!
(grabs behind)
Hey!

We see a muscular Oompa-Loompa wink at her and zoom off.

WONKA
They're very friendly.

MRS. SALT
Yes, I see that...

She blushes, straightens her hair, smoothes out her dress...

MRS. SALT
So. Mr. Wonka. Tell us. Where do these... Humpty Dumpties come from?

WONKA
Oompa-Loompas, my dear. And they come from Loompaland.

MRS. SALT
There's no such place.

WONKA
Of course there is.

MRS. SALT
Mr. Wonka, I was one time a substitute preschool teacher for three and a half months...

WONKA
Then you know all about it. And what a terrible country it is!

Wonka starts through the meadow and now we start catching GLIMPSES of the tiny people...

WONKA
Nothing but dark forests infested by the most dangerous beasts in the world -- hornswogglers and snozzwangers and those terrible, wicked whangdoodles. A typical whangdoodle could eat ten Oompa-Loompas in one sitting.

FLASHBACK - EXT. LOOMPALAND - DAY

As Wonka, long hair, severely-necklaced, bearded and naked, save a loincloth, rides on horseback through the forest...

WONKA (V.O.)

I'd been traveling around the world for a few years, having a bit of a think, when I came upon them.

He sees a blur up in the trees and immediately pulls a Bowie knife from his saddle bag. And then he sees the tree house.

WONKA (V.O.)

They were living in tree houses. They had to live in tree houses to escape from the whangdoodles and the snozzwangers and the hornswogglers.

He looks over, sees one of them drop from the tree into a bush, hears a loud GROWLING, sees a CREATURE of some kind CRASHING through the BRUSH for it, sees the Oompa-Loompa scamper like lightning back up the tree.

WONKA (V.O.)

They had incredible speed... and never ever stopped moving for fear of being eaten.

Wonka looks through binoculars up at the network of tree houses above him, fascinated. We see blurs as the Oompa-Loompas dash about from one tree to the next.

WONKA (V.O.)

And they all looked impossibly skinny, as if they were starving to death.

We now see a beautiful Nordic-looking woman, scantily-dressed, ride up on horseback beside him. She indicates the trees...

WONKA (V.O.)

It was then my guide informed me that they'd been living on nothing but green caterpillars which, as you can imagine, tasted disgusting.

A green caterpillar drops onto the neck of the horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (V.O.)

She said the food they longed for was the cacao bean. But they couldn't get it. An Oompa-Loompa was lucky if he found three or four cacao beans a year.

INT. CHOCOLATE ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

As the group listens rapt to Wonka's story...

WONKA

Coincidentally... or ironically -- depending on how you choose to look at things -- the cacao bean, which grows on cacao trees, happens to be the thing from which all chocolate is made. You cannot make chocolate without the cacao bean. The cacao bean is chocolate. I, myself, use billions of cacao beans every week in this factory.

FLASHBACK - EXT. LOOMPALAND - DAY

As Wonka dismounts his ride and walks to the nearest tree...

WONKA (V.O.)

And so, my dear children, as soon as I discovered that the Oompa-Loompas were crazy for this particular food, I climbed up to their tree house village...

Wonka starts up the tree now...

INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

As Wonka pulls himself through a door in the bottom...

WONKA (V.O.)

... and poked my head in through the door of the tree house belonging to the head of the tribe.

And now we see the "CHIEF," looking miserable and thin, a bowl of caterpillars in front of him, as he watches members of his family zoom about the house around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (V.O.)

The poor fellow, looking thin and starved, was sitting there trying to eat a bowl of mashed-up caterpillars without being sick.

INT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DAY (PRESENT)

As Wonka bangs his stick down on the ground...

WONKA

'Look here,' I said. Speaking not in English, of course, but in Oompa-Loompish...

Violet rolls her eyes and looks away, down towards the river. Augustus is slowly moving towards it now...

WONKA

Look here, if you and all of your people will come back to my country and work in my factory, you can have all the cacao beans you want! I've got mountains of them in my storehouses! You can eat cacao beans for every meal! You can gorge yourself silly on them! I'll even pay your wages in cacao beans if you wish!

FLASHBACK - INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

As the Oompa-Loompa Leader jumps out of his chair.

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER (CHIEF)

(subtitled,

Oompa-Loompish)

You really mean it?

WONKA

(subtitled)

Of course.

The Leader gives a great whoop of joy and throws his bowl of caterpillars out the tree house window, then screams something out the window to the rest of the tribe.

INT. WONKA'S FACTORY - DAY (PRESENT)

As Wonka kneels down in front of the group...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Then something extraordinary happened, something their leader said hadn't happened in Loompaland for years and years... maybe ever...

He looks at Charlie and smiles.

WONKA

They. All. Stood. Still.

FLASHBACK - INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

As Wonka looks out the window, and we see hundreds of Oompa-Loompas emerging from houses all over the tree house village. They step outside, look at Wonka, but remain absolutely still.

WONKA (V.O.)

My guide later told me that this was a salute, a royal tribute, reserved only for the most honored among them.

After a moment, the Leader turns and zooms over to Wonka...

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER

(subtitled)

It's a deal!

And once again, the whole village is in motion.

INT. CHOCOLATE ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

As Wonka stands up, gestures to the blurry figures in the meadow...

WONKA

So I shipped them all over here, every man, woman and child in the Oompa-Loompa tribe.

MR. SALT

Wait a minute... wait a minute... You just brought these Lumpy Loompas over here to work in your factory?

WONKA

To live in my factory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SALT

But they're workin' it, ain't they?

WONKA

When they feel like it. Which, lucky for me, seems to be all the time.

CHARLIE

There's one!

We now start to see more and more of the Oompa-Loompas as they zip in and out of the group, stopping momentarily every now and then to check someone out. Mike Teevee leans against a tree and shakes his head.

MIKE

Oompa-Loompas... right.

He turns, looks off, sees what looks like... wait -- could it be? Yes, a television screen down among the trees. He comes off the tree now and starts walking for it.

WONKA

As you no doubt have already noticed, they no longer wear their traditional forest garb...

No, they don't. We see a tough-looking little guy in a Brittany Spears T-shirt, another wears an In-sync T-shirt... a girl is dressed as a rapper... most of them have Walkmans on.

WONKA

And they love music.

ON MIKE TEEVEE

As he comes to what appears to be a control panel set among the rocks. A grin slowly spreads across his face...

MIKE

Oh yeah...

We see a screen. On the screen is the very meadow he's standing in. He moves a joystick and the view changes.

MIKE

Oh yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Across the top of the screen is a menu with headings that include: "THUNDER," "WIND," "RAIN," "LIGHTNING," "SNOW"...

MIKE

Cool.

Behind him, we see Augustus, zombie-like, walking towards the river...

AUGUSTUS

Can I have some...

ON GROUP

As we hear a bit of THUNDER and Wonka looks up thoughtfully, but continues his rap.

WONKA

They taught themselves English,
though I have no idea how...

And now we see the head Oompa-Loompa appear briefly at Wonka's side, a female, ASSISTANT OOMPA-LOOMPA stands next to him with a clipboard...

WONKA

What's up, Chief?

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER

(points to sky)

Two mints in one!

ASSISTANT

A.M. F.M. and A.B.S. standard!

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER

Excluding dealer prep!

The Assistant scribbles something on her clipboard and then they're off again. Wonka calls after them...

WONKA

I see. Yes, that is a problem.
We'll have to do something about
that...

Mrs. Salt looks at an Oompa-Loompa, looks at one face that looks distinctly Chinese, another that's white... another that's black...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SALT

They uh, don't look like they all
came from the same tribe...

WONKA

Interesting thing about
Loompaland, is that its people are
of all different colors and ear
shapes.

DR. GLOOP

Ear shapes?

WONKA

Yes, in fact, the only unifying
characteristic is that they're all
short. Something about the Oompas
from the north and the Loompas
from the south merging... I don't
recall now... Shall we move on?

VERUCA

Daddy, I want an Oompa-Loompa!

MR. SALT

We'll see, punkin.

VERUCA

No, I want an Oompa-Loompa right
away! I want one to take home
with me!

MR. SALT

I said, we'll see --

VERUCA

And I said I want my own freakin'
Oompa-Loompa and I want it now!

The Head Oompa-Loompa zooms over. Wonka bends down so
that he can whisper something to Wonka...

WONKA

What? Since when? Oh, brother...

The Oompa-Loompa runs around him. Wonka rolls his eyes.

WONKA

All right... all right...

The Oompa-Loompa then zooms off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

The Oompa-Loompas have just informed me that they've uh... opened a gift shop. And that perhaps Veruca might like to purchase one of their dolls.

VERUCA

I don't want a stupid doll! I want a real one!

MR. SALT

All right, Veruca. All right. But I can't get it for you this second. I'll pick one up on the way out...

And now it starts to rain. Everyone starts to cover up...

WONKA

Don't be alarmed. It's only rain...

Wonka looks around, tries to figure out what's happening.

WONKA

Although, it wasn't supposed to rain today...

Charlie tilts his face upward and opens his mouth...

CHARLIE

Lemonade...

GRANDPA JOE

And root beer...

And now it starts to hail.

WONKA -

Come to think of it, it wasn't supposed to hail either...

Grandpa Joe bends down and picks up a "hailstone," pops it into his mouth...

GRANDPA JOE

Gumballs!

Wonka looks around behind the trees as now it starts to snow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Or snow.

MR. GLOOP

Coconut!

VIOLET

Awesome!

Mrs. Salt, meanwhile, ducks under a tree, tries to protect her leather jacket from the "weather."

MRS. GLOOP

Augustus! I don't think you should be doing that!

Everyone turns and looks down the hill and sees that...

AUGUSTUS

lies on a rock by the edge of the river scooping hot melted chocolate into his mouth as fast as he can. He mutters the follow mantra in between gulps...

AUGUSTUS

Can I have some? Can I have some?
Can I have some? Can I have some?

WONKA

Oh, no! Please, Augustus!
Please! I beg of you not to do that!

Meanwhile the weather keeps changing from rain to WIND to snow to hail. Grandpa Joe starts to get a little nervous...

GRANDPA JOE

This is quite a storm!

He pulls Charlie under the cover of a tree. Charlie looks through the trees, sees...

MIKE TEEVEE

As he plays with the controls like he's in the middle of some fantabulous video game. Meanwhile...

AUGUSTUS

Oblivious to the stormy weather, continues to rhythmically scoop the melted chocolate into his mouth with both hands.

AUGUSTUS

Can I have some...

DR. GLOOP

(top of hill)

Augustus! I know you want that chocolate, but I can't let you do that!

Augustus sort of hums now as he slurps, oblivious to the rising river.

WONKA

Augustus! Come away, you're contaminating my chocolate!

DR. GLOOP

That's right, Auggie, you don't wanna give that impetigo of yours to anyone else!

Wonka gives a "You're kidding me" look to Dr. Gloop, but now the STORM really RAGES... lemonade rain... gumball hail... all of it hits at once... the river rises higher...

ON AUGUSTUS

AUGUSTUS

I need bigger hands...

The RIVER is now SURGING with the STORM... a huge flash flood wave of chocolate now forms up river, behind Augustus...

MRS. GLOOP

Augustus... I'm going to have to take away a privilege!

And then everything goes dark...

WONKA (O.S.)

Will someone please turn the sun back on?

A flash of lightning and everything becomes light again so that we can see...

DOWN AT RIVER

Augustus is just about to reach into the river again, the huge wave of chocolate is building behind him as...

WONKA

Standing in the center of the STORM, his hat blown off, his long cloak billowing behind him in the WIND, now points his walking stick at...

MIKE TEEVEE

Gleefully playing with the control panel like it's a video game...

WONKA

You -- boy!

Mike Teevee looks back at Wonka... Me? And now...

WAVE

is rolling toward Augustus as...

WONKA

shouts at Mike...

WONKA

Quit playing with the weather!

Mike flips a switch and ALL GOES QUIET. We hear BIRDS CHIRP, then a moment later, everyone starts emerging from under the trees.

WONKA

Thank you.

AUGUSTUS

takes a final slurp of chocolate, sighs, then turns just as the huge chocolate wave engulfs him.

AUGUSTUS

Uh-oh --

We hear Mrs. Gloop scream as he's now swept into the river.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. GLOOP
Save him!

WONKA
What for?

MRS. GLOOP
He'll drown!

WONKA
Only if he can't swim.

DR. GLOOP
He can't swim a yard!

WONKA
Oh. Well, then...

AUGUSTUS'S POV - RIVER

As he bobs up and down towards the enormous glass pipes...

MRS. GLOOP

begins screaming at Dr. Gloop...

MRS. GLOOP
Go in there after him!

DR. GLOOP
You go in there after him.

WONKA
Quick! Throw him a Lifesaver!

We see a couple of Oompa-Loompas rushing down to the river, a giant green Lifesaver (candy) over their heads.

WONKA
No! Not the green kind! Nobody
likes the green kind! Throw him a
red one!

And now we see two more Oompa-Loompas rushing down to the riverbank with a red Lifesaver over their heads. At the bottom of the hill, they heave it into the chocolate river...

ON AUGUSTUS

As the red Lifesaver lands in the water in front of him.
He reaches for it...

MRS. GLOOP

Oh, thank God...

But then Augustus takes a lick of the Lifesaver...

AUGUSTUS

Mmm. Cherry...

ON GROUP

As Veruca watches the kid licking the large candy.

VERUCA

He's eating it.

MRS. GLOOP

Augustus! No! No eat! Stop!

VERUCA

Too late. He ate it.

Wonka watches as the boy bites through the candy and is
once again careening down the river towards the large
glass pipes.

ON AUGUSTUS

As he's now sucked towards the mouth of one of the
pipes...

MRS. GLOOP

Do something!

WONKA

I wish I could.

Now, all at once, the powerful SUCTION takes hold of
Augustus and the boy's pulled under the surface, then
into the mouth of the PIPE.

MRS. GLOOP

Where is he?

For a moment, we see nothing but the brown river.

MIKE

There he goes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And, sure enough, we now see Augustus Gloop shooting upward, head-first like a torpedo, inside the glass pipe.

MRS. GLOOP

Help! Somebody! Auggie!

VIOLET

There's no way that kid's gonna fit up that pipe.

CHARLIE

He's slowing down!

GRANDPA JOE

He's stuck!

MR. SALT

It's that gut-o-his that's done it.

MRS. SALT

He's blocked the whole pipe.

MRS. GLOOP

Smash the pipe!

MIKE

(screams)

Blow it up!

Wonka gives him a look. And now as the group below watches, chocolate swishes around the boy in the pipe, some of it building up behind him in a solid mass, pushing against the blockage. Wonka sees the Head Oompa-Loompa looking at him and shrugs a sort of "hell if I know" shrug.

WONKA

Something has to give.

And something does. Augustus. We hear a loud WHOOSH and up he shoots again like a bullet.

MRS. GLOOP

He's disappeared!

(flips)

Call the paramedics!

WONKA

Calm down, my dear lady. There is no danger. No danger whatsoever. Augustus has gone on a little journey, that's all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (CONT'D)

A most interesting little journey,
but he'll come out of it just
fine, you wait and see.

MRS. GLOOP

How can he possibly come out just
fine? He'll be made into
marshmallows!

WONKA

Impossible. Absurd. He could
never be made into marshmallows.
That pipe doesn't even go to the
marshmallow room. It doesn't go
anywhere near it. No, that pipe
leads directly to the room where I
make the most delicious kind of
strawberry-flavored chocolate-
coated fudge...

MRS. GLOOP

(hysterical)

Then he'll be made into
strawberry-flavored, chocolate-
coated fudge!

DR. GLOOP

Honey, you're not helping --

MRS. GLOOP

They'll be selling him by the
pound all over the country
tomorrow morning!

WONKA

Never! I wouldn't allow it!
(winks at Charlie)

The taste would be terrible. No
one would buy it...

Wonka looks at the Head Oompa-Loompa who's appeared at
his side and tries not to laugh.

WONKA

Uh, why don't you take Dr. and
Mrs. Gloop to the Fudge Room and
help them find their son. It
seems he's just gone up the
pipe...

The Oompa-Loompa and his Assistant look at the Gloops and
crack up. Wonka waves them off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Go. Go...

The Oompa-Loompas start off. The Gloops have to run to keep up. Smiling, Wonka turns and sees the rest of the group staring at him.

WONKA

Well, off we go.

He turns on his heels and starts down towards the river. Slowly, everybody begins to follow.

WONKA

We're going to have to make the next part of the journey by boat. Here she comes!

A steamy mist rises up from the great warm chocolate river. And out of the mist appears the huge bow of a boat, painted bright purple...

And now we start to see the rest of the vessel -- actually a gigantic, open rowboat like the viking ships of old. The whole thing is such a shining purple that it looks like it's made of glass.

We can see many oars on either side of it. And as the boat comes closer, we can see that the oars are pulled by Oompa-Loompas.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

(aside)

They even row his boat...

WONKA

(hears her)

It's not a boat, my dear Ms. Bouillabaisse!

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Beauregarde --

WONKA

It's my private yacht.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Ah...

WONKA

I made her by hollowing out an enormous boiled sweet. Look how she cuts through the water...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The gleaming boat now glides up to the riverbank. The Oompa-Loompas stop their rowing and look down at the visitors. They mumble among themselves and burst out laughing.

VIOLET

What's so funny?

WONKA

Oh, don't worry about them.
They're always laughing. They're
just happy!

But Violet sees them pointing at her and the others, and sniggering.

WONKA

Everybody, climb aboard!

Grandpa Joe and Charlie head for seats at the back. As they pass, an Oompa-Loompa quick as a flash reaches out and sticks something in Charlie's back pocket.

Then as Charlie sits down next to his grandfather, we hear a MUFFLED CRUNCH. Charlie gets back up, takes Mike Teevee's now-mangled Gameboy from his back pocket and looks at it...

MIKE (O.S.)

Hey, Twink!

He come over and grabs the crushed Gameboy from Charlie.

MIKE

You stole it!

CHARLIE

No, I didn't!

Wonka looks over at the two of them arguing.

MIKE

What was it doing in your pocket?

CHARLIE

I don't know --

MIKE

Just because you can't afford your
own doesn't mean you have to take
mine!

GRANDPA JOE

Watch your mouth, kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike grabs Charlie by the shirt...

MIKE

Touch my stuff again, I'm putting
a dent in your face. Got that?

WONKA (O.S.)

Who wants a candy bar?

They all turn and see Wonka standing there. He holds out
a candy bar to Mike who just looks at it.

WONKA

You know, there are some people
who tell you that candy is bad for
you. They call it 'junk food.'
Well, I don't make 'junk' in this
factory.

He now sits down between Mike and Charlie.

WONKA

In fact, I've developed candy that
actually helps you think.

(smiles)

I call it 'Food for Thought.'

He looks at Mike moving around, trying to calm down.

WONKA

I invented this particular candy
bar to help kids concentrate.

He tosses him the candy bar.

WONKA

Here you go, Mike.

Mike catches the bar, then reads the wrapper...

MIKE

'Wonka's Riddle-In Bar.'

He looks up at Wonka who smiles.

WONKA

That's right. There's a riddle in
every bar. Go on, open it up.

Mike opens the wrapper, takes a bit of the candy bar,
then pulls a small tube of paper from inside the bar...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

(reads)

How many sides does a circle have?

(then)

A circle?

WONKA

Think. Think hard.

Mike takes a bite of the candy bar and sits down.

WONKA

Look! See it work! See how
focused he is! See how calm? See
how quiet he is...

MIKE

Circles don't have any sides.

(looks up)

They're round.

WONKA

Of course they have sides!

MIKE

No, they don't.

WONKA

Yes, they do! They've got two
sides! An inside and an outside!
Violet -- you try!

Wonka throws a bar to Violet who opens it...

VIOLET

How many bricks does it take to
complete a building made of brick?

(looks up)

Depends. On how big the --

WONKA

It only takes one! The last one!

He tosses a bar to Charlie, then to Grandpa Joe, then to
the others who all open them up at once now...

CHARLIE

If two's company and three's a
crowd, what's four and five?

VIOLET

Nine!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

See how focused we all are!

MRS. SALT

What is in the middle of nowhere?

(looks up)

Uh, Texas?

WONKA

(whispers)

The letter 'H.'

MRS. SALT

Ohhhhhhhh... right...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

What travels around the world, but
stays in one corner?

VIOLET

A stamp!

MS. BEAUREGARDE

She's so bright.

(aside to Wonka)

Mensa.

WONKA

If it ripens quickly, it rots
quickly.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Excuse me?

Wonka tosses another candy bar to Mike.

WONKA

Here's a tough one, you can only
answer with the help of someone
else. Charlie, why don't you give
him a hand...

MIKE

(reads)

What sticks to you, but you don't
mind?

He looks at Charlie, pulls the bar away.

MIKE

I don't need your help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA
(to the Oompa-
Loompas)
Ahead north, lads!

And now the Oompa-Loompas begin rowing again. Mr. Salt watches them, shakes his head, says to his wife.

MR. SALT
Department of labor would eat my
lunch, I ran my operation like
this...

One of the Oompa-Loompas winks at Mr. Salt's wife, blows her a kiss. She pretends not to notice.

Wonka looks at Charlie a moment, then reaches down and picks up a battered tin mug tied to the rail.

WONKA
You know, there was a time I was
quite hungry, too.

He then leans over, dips the mug into the river and hands it to Charlie.

WONKA
Drink this. It'll do you good.
(looks at Grandpa
Joe)
Both of you.

He fills a second mug and gives it to Grandpa Joe...

WONKA
What's the matter? Hasn't there
been anything to eat in your house
lately?

GRANDPA JOE
Not much. -

WONKA
I'm sorry to hear that.

He looks at Grandpa Joe who turns away.

WONKA
Row on, lads!

The Oompa-Loompas start rowing faster and faster. And the boat now shoots into a dark tunnel...

(CONTINUED)

NUED:

VERUCA

I can't see a thing...

Ms. Beauregarde changes her seat so that she's closer to Wonka now in the dark.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

So. Willy. Can I call you Willy?

WONKA

Sure. Can I call you Susan?

MS. BEAUREGARDE

My name's Felecia.

WONKA

Oh, too bad.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

This is quite a large place you have.

WONKA

Not that it matters. But thank you.

She indicates the Oompa-Loompas.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Exactly how many employees have you got?

WONKA

Hard to pin it down, really, all the breeding going on...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Well, it's all very... impressive.

WONKA

I'm so glad you're impressed.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

So, tell me... Willy...

She scoots a little closer...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Is there a Mrs. Wonka?

Wonka looks at her a moment, then stands up...

WONKA

Lights please!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly the lights come on and the whole tunnel is lit up so that we can see that we're now inside a gigantic pipe. The upward curving walls of the pipe are white and spotless.

The river of chocolate flows very fast in here and the Oompa-Loompas hardly have to row to keep the boat rocketing along at a furious pace.

VIOLET

Look!

UP AHEAD

The passageway widens and we see several barges docked at what appears to be the edge of a desert. "Bedouin" Oompa-Loompas in Arabic robes and headdress bustle about loading the barge. Several other Oompa-Loompas sell trinkets (T-shirts, coffee mugs, giant foam fingers that form "number one") from a tent on the "sandy" shore.

WONKA

Stop the boat!

They all look around as the boat pulls to shore.

CHARLIE

Where are we?

WONKA

This, my friends, is the second most important room in the factory: The Sugar Room!

The group follows Wonka off the boat...

GRANDPA JOE

(looking around)

Oh. My. God...

REVERSE ANGLE - SUGAR ROOM

Whereas the "Chocolate Room" was a meadow, the "Sugar Room" is a huge desert -- sugar dunes stretch out for as far as the eye can see.

ANOTHER ANGLE

WONKA

I thought we'd take a quick shortcut through the dessert to our next stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

You mean 'desert,' don't you?
(off his look)
Not 'dessert.'

WONKA

I don't know, I always seem to get
those words mixed up.

Way off in the distance, we see a tiny figure approaching
on the back of a camel...

WONKA

Our guide should be here any
minute...

Grandpa Joe reaches down, dips a finger and tastes it...

GRANDPA JOE

Sugar. It's all sugar...

WONKA

Go ahead. It's all right. Eat as
much as you wish. As I'm sure you
all know, sugar is very good for
you. Helps build strong muscles
and teeth.

We see the approaching figure in the b.g. getting closer,
the camel getting bigger.

WONKA

Ah -- I see our rides are here...

And now the rider arrives and we realize that figure on
the back of the camel wasn't tiny due to perspective, but
due to the fact it's the tiny, Head Oompa-Loompa on the
back.

Several other Oompa-Loompas materialize behind him
leading a string of camels for the group. Another Oompa-
Loompa passes out canteens to everyone. Wonka finishes
wrapping a scarf around his head...

WONKA

We have a long journey ahead of
us...

He puts his hat on over his scarf and climbs aboard a
camel. Then the other camels all kneel and the Oompa-
Loompas help everyone aboard. Mrs. Salt looks dubiously
at a camel...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SALT
You know, I think I'd rather --
Ooooooh!!!

She screeches as a couple of male Oompa-Loompas hoist her by the behind up onto the camel.

MRS. SALT
Thank you.

MIKE
What sticks to you, but you don't
mind? I know --
(smells his armpit)
Sweat!

WONKA
(riding by)
Keep trying!

MS. BEAUREGARDE
(into her cell phone)
Just order me a Chinese chicken
salad and a Red Bull. I should be
there in an hour...

EXT. OASIS - DAY

As everybody dismounts at the "waterhole" and starts
gulping.

VERUCA
Ooooooh... It's sour!

WONKA
Throw in more sugar!

Mike and Charlie throw handfuls of sugar into the
"waterhole." Mike "accidentally" throws a handful at
Veruca...

VERUCA
Hey!

MIKE
Sorry --

She throws a handful back, misses Mike, but hits
Charlie --

CHARLIE
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now Violet watches from the top of the dune as they all get into a sugar fight. Violet's mother comes up beside her and shakes her head.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Kids.

VIOLET

(watching them play)

Yeah. Kids.

Ms. Beauregarde brushes some sugar off Violet's clothes, then marches off to where Wonka looks off into the distance.

WONKA

The sand tells a story. If you stare at it long enough, patterns begin to emerge... each pattern tells a tale...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

No offense, Mr. Wonka, but could you cut the Lawrence of Arabia crap, and just tell us where we're going?

WONKA

Sure. We're going over there.

He points off into the distance where a huge white mountain looms.

WONKA

The Rock Candy mountain.

CUT TO:

ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

As a rope is dropped INTO FRAME and a moment later we see an Oompa-Loompa scampering up it with a huge load on his back. Willy Wonka follows a moment after that and we now...

WIDEN to reveal the mountain face.

As the group in full climbing gear make their way to the top. It's like an assault on Everest, with several Oompa-Loompas acting as sherpas. One of them carries Mrs. Salt on his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SALT

This is ridiculous. I can make it
on my own, thank you...

Mr. Salt looks at the Oompa-Loompa carrying his young
wife, the blissful smile on his face. Veruca stops
another Oompa-Loompa in a "Beck" T-shirt as he zips up
the rope next to her.

VERUCA

Excuse me. Mr. Loompa?

The Oompa-Loompa looks at her.

VERUCA

I'm sort of getting tired. Do you
think you could carry me the rest
of the way, too?

OOMPA-LOOMPA

Got milk?

VERUCA

Excuse me?

OOMPA-LOOMPA

Nobody doesn't like Sarah Lee!

He then zips up away from her without another word.
Charlie pulls himself up by one of the ropes. He looks
back, sees his Grandpa Joe right behind him.

CHARLIE

You okay, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE

Never been better!

(rappels out and
back)

Keep going!

Mike Teevee swings past on a rope, nearly knocks Violet
off the mountain...

VIOLET

Hey!

MIKE

Pardon me, Vomit.

VIOLET

It's Violet, plate head!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ms. Beauregarde talks via headset on her cell phone (clipped to her waist). She consults her Filofax as she climbs...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Move my two-thirty to three. Move
my three to four. Cancel my
five...

Charlie grabs a rock, then starts to slip back. Mike appears above him.

MIKE

Hey, bucket. Need a hand?

Mike extends his gloved hand over the rock...

CHARLIE

Thanks...

Charlie reaches up, grabs it, pulls himself when the "hand" gives way. It's just an empty glove. Charlie looks up at Mike who waves to Charlie with his real hand, which we now see that he's pulled free of his sleeve.

MIKE

Woops!

Charlie starts to fall off the rock when someone grabs him...

REVEAL Grandpa Joe as he hoists Charlie onto the rock. Charlie can't believe his eyes. Grandpa Joe takes a deep breath...

GRANDPA JOE

Don't you just love this mountain
air, Charlie?

Charlie doesn't know what to say.

WONKA

This way!

They all look up to where Wonka stands in the mouth of a cave. A blinking red sign in the "rock" above his head reads: "EXIT."

INT. CAVE - DAY

As everyone follows Wonka into the cave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Wasn't that exciting?

They're all too exhausted to speak.

WONKA

Gather round!

Everyone makes their way over to Wonka.

WONKA

Closer please. That's it...

And as everyone moves in around Wonka, they all begin to sink.

MR. SALT

Hey --

GRANDPA JOE

It's quicksand!

WONKA

Quicksugar.

MR. SALT

We're sinking!

WONKA

Yes, indeed we are.

They're now all up to their waist in sugar.

VERUCA

Daddy!

MRS. SALT

Vernon! Save me!

They're all up to their necks now.

WONKA

Not to worry. There's nothing to be afraid of. I suggest you remain calm and don't fight it. Just close your eyes...

(he does)

... and sink...

And now all we see is his hat on top of the sand. Then everyone else begins to follow, but not calmly. They're all screaming. But the screams are all abruptly cut off as they sink all the way down and disappear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We HOLD ON the sand a moment. The Head Oompa-Loompa zips over and picks up Wonka's hat as we then...

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR SOMEWHERE IN FACTORY

And now we see Wonka drop from the TOP OF FRAME to the floor. A bit of sugar falls down around him. He brushes himself off and casually looks up as...

The rest of the group drops to the floor all around him. Mr. Salt lands, then Mrs. Salt lands in his lap. Violet lands in a disheveled mess beside Veruca whose hairdo comes undone and covers her face.

Charlie falls beside Grandpa Joe who lands with a gleeful howl. Charlie gives him a look as Mike comes through next...

MIKE

Righteous!

Veruca looks at her reflection in the fire hose case that's mounted on the wall...

VERUCA

Oh, man, look at me...

She looks at her stepmother who flips her hair back and instantly looks terrific. She tries to do the same, but still look awful, her wild hair all over her face.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

I've lost my phone...

She looks up at the ceiling.

VIOLET

How tragic.

The Head Oompa-Loompa zips up to Wonka and hands him his hat.

WONKA

Thank you.

Charlie watches as Wonka fits the hat on the top of his head, then checks himself in the same glass Veruca looked at, only when Wonka sees his reflection, he is an old man. He adjusts his hat, turns away and sees Charlie watching him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA
(beat, smiles)
Off we go then.

As Wonka walks past a giant metal door. A sign reads:
"KEEP OUT! DON'T COME IN! STAY AWAY! GO ON... LEAVE!"

WONKA
No, not this room.

Charlie looks at the door a moment, then hurries after the group. He looks back, sees Grandpa Joe staring at it...

CHARLIE
Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE
Coming, Charlie...

WONKA
But now this...

He stops at a small door, comes up only to the waist of the adults. He looks at Veruca and smiles.

WONKA
This might interest some of you.

Wonka indicates a sign that reads: "THE NUT ROOM."

VERUCA
The Nut Room? Are you kidding?
All I hear about at home are nuts!
Let's keep going.

WONKA
(ignores her)
As I'm sure you all know, I only use the finest quality nuts in my chocolate bars. And, of course, the finest quality nuts require the finest quality nut experts to process them. Which is what's happening in this room right now...

A huge keyhole sits just below the doorknob...

WONKA
Feel free to take a peek through the keyhole. But please: do not go in!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERUCA

How come?

WONKA

You'll disturb the nut experts...

CHARLIE

Nut experts?

WONKA

Go ahead, have a look...

Charlie and Grandpa Joe peer through the large keyhole first.

HIS POV - NUT ROOM

At the far end of a huge, white room, one hundred squirrels are seated upon high stools around a large table. On the table are mounds and mounds of walnuts. The squirrels work away shelling the nuts.

BACK TO SCENE

GRANDPA JOE

Well, I'll be...

Next, Violet and her mother take a turn at the keyhole as Wonka continues.

VIOLET

Squirrels...

VERUCA

(suddenly
interested)

Where?

VIOLET

In here. How cute.

WONKA

Not really.

She looks back at Wonka.

WONKA

These aren't like the little squirrels you see running back and forth on the high tension wires in your back yard, taunting the family cat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now Veruca and her father and stepmother all squeeze up to the keyhole and take a peek...

WONKA

No, these are special squirrels that I have bred and raised especially for the job you see them performing here.

MR. SALT

You know, Wonka, you go through an awful lot of trouble just to shell a few nuts.

WONKA

A few? We shell them by the thousands.

MR. SALT

Well, that's your problem right there. You could cut your costs way down, you used only half as many nuts.

WONKA

I suppose I could also use rocks instead of nuts and save even more money. How 'bout that?

MR. SALT

And how do you control the quality? A busload of migrants could probably do twice the work the rodents do and you wouldn't have to feed 'em or provide 'em with a place to live.

WONKA

Unless you've been a servant, you can't use a servant.

MR. SALT

Meaning?

WONKA

Meaning the squirrels are better than humans at quality control. They know more about nuts...

Mike Teevee tries to get a peek, but Veruca hogs the keyhole.

VERUCA

Back off, jack!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

First, they tap each nut with their knuckles to be sure it's not a bad one.

VERUCA'S POV - NUT ROOM

As the squirrels do just what Wonka describes...

BACK TO SCENE

WONKA

If it's bad, it makes a hollow sound, and they don't bother to open it. They just throw it down the garbage chute.

VERUCA

How adorable.

Suddenly, a squirrel face appears directly in front of the keyhole peering back at her. The face, as if in a forced perspective, seems to take up the whole keyhole...

VERUCA

Oh, hello, there...

She looks back at her father now.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want a squirrel!

MR. SALT

Oh, now, Veruca...

VERUCA

Get me one of those squirrels!

MR. SALT

Don't be silly, sweetheart. These all belong to Mr. Wonka...

WONKA

Actually, they don't.

Veruca and her father look at him.

WONKA

They belong to themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERUCA

I want a squirrel! All I have are
a couple lousy horses. And a few
cats and one dog and that stupid
hamster!

MR. SALT

Now, punkin...

VERUCA

(indicates her
stepmother)

You'd buy her a squirrel if she
asked you to!

Ms. Beauregarde shakes her head, says to Grandpa Joe...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Dollar says Daddy caves.

GRANDPA JOE

Sucker bet.

MR. SALT

Name your price, Wonka.

WONKA

They're not for sale.

MR. SALT

Everything's for sale.

WONKA

You'll have to take it up with the
squirrels, but I'd be careful if I
were you. These are very shrewd
squirrels.

MR. SALT

Well, so am I. I deal every day
with all kinds of rodents, and let
me tell you something, Wonka:
Money talks.

WONKA

Not to squirrels, it doesn't.

MR. SALT

They like nuts, don't they?

WONKA

They do indeed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SALT

Well, I can get 'em plenty a nuts.
I can get 'em all the nuts their
little hearts desire.

Veruca peeks through the door, sees the cute little
squirrel face looking back at her through the keyhole...

VERUCA

I want that one...

MR. SALT

You got it, punkabug.

Mr. Salt opens the door and we see a four-foot-tall
squirrel standing there in front of him. We understand
that this was no forced perspective -- this is a giant
squirrel...

WONKA

Did I forget to mention that there
are also very large squirrels?

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Good Lord...

CHARLIE

Whoa...

MIKE TEEVEE

Cool...

MR. SALT

Um, sweetums, are you sure?

VERUCA

I want one!

The other squirrels are now coming over. Wonka steps
past the father and daughter and whispers something to
one of them who looks at Mr. Salt who, for some reason,
now seems a little intimidated. He clears his throat...

MR. SALT

Hello, there. Vernon Salt. My
daughter over there would like a
squirrel to take home with her.

And now all of the squirrels are looking at Veruca in a
way that would make anybody very uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SALT

Price is no concern. In fact,
here's just a small sample of what
I have to offer.

He takes out a package of Salts Salted Peanuts from his pocket and hands it to the squirrel. The squirrel seems to laugh.

MR. SALT

You want cash, huh?

Mr. Salt takes out a huge wad of bills from his pocket. The squirrel now looks at the others...

MR. SALT

Name your price...

The squirrel grabs all the cash from him and starts to rapidly count it like a cashier at a casino.

MR. SALT

Anyway, I was thinking a younger
one, on the smallish side...
(looking around)
... if there is one.

The squirrel just stares at the nuts, then offers Mr. Salt a handful of walnuts...

MR. SALT

I'm not really a walnut person...

The SQUIRREL GROWLS softly.

MR. SALT

But then I don't want to offend...

So he takes one.

MR. SALT -

Thank you.

The squirrel holds out his hand again, indicating that Mr. Salt should take the rest. He does...

MR. SALT

I guess I could share 'em...

He pockets the nuts. The squirrel holds out his empty hand. Mr. Salt looks at Wonka.

WONKA

He wants to shake on the deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. SALT

Excellent... now where is the --

But suddenly, the other squirrels have grabbed Veruca...

MR. SALT

Hey -- what's going on?

... and have started dragging her back into the nut room.

VERUCA

Daddy?!

One of them taps Veruca on the head and starts going ballistic... it starts SCREECHING at Wonka...

WONKA

Oh my. It seems you've insulted them...

MR. SALT

What is it, what's wrong?

WONKA

They say you've sold them a bad nut.

MR. SALT

I didn't sell them anything. I bought one of them!

WONKA

And they think they bought one of you!

MR. SALT

But I paid good money!

WONKA

Yes, well, I should've told you that your money doesn't work in here.

MR. SALT

What?

WONKA

It's only fair. Their money doesn't work out there.

MR. SALT

What money? They didn't give me any money!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

The walnuts. The ones you just
put in your pocket --

MR. SALT

But we had a deal!

WONKA

Apparently they were making their
own deal.

The SQUIRREL SCREECHES something at Wonka, grabs Mr.
Salt.

MR. SALT

Hey!

WONKA

They're gonna take two for one --

MR. SALT

What?!

WONKA

I told you they were shrewd.

VERUCA

They bought me?

WONKA

No, they bought both of you.

They start dragging the father and daughter into the nut
room.

MR. SALT

Wonka! Do something!

WONKA

Nothing I can do. You made the
deal yourself. And quite a tight
one it was...

MR. SALT

Well, tell 'em the deal's off!

WONKA

I'm afraid I can't do that.

MR. SALT

Why not?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Because, Mr. Salt, one never quarrels with a squirrel. If I so much as even slightly annoy them, they're liable to run amok and wreak havoc on the place.

Veruca and her father struggle as they're now swarmed by giant squirrels...

WONKA

If I were you, I'd do exactly as they say until I can figure something out.

And then father and daughter are dragged into a passage at the far end of the room as another squirrel slams the door on the group.

WONKA

Yes, well, good-bye now!

Wonka turns and faces the group who all stare in amazement.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

You were right about one thing, Wonka. That was definitely interesting.

Wonka thinks a moment, then looks at Grandpa Joe who's staring at him expectantly. Wonka quickly smiles.

WONKA

Maybe I'll send a couple of Oompa-Loompas in there to keep an eye on them. At the right moment, they'll snatch them back...

GRANDPA JOE

Yeah.- Sure. Good idea.

WONKA

I just hope they don't squirrel them away like they do with everything else. Then we'll never find them.

We hear SOBS and the group parts so that we can see Mrs. Salt sitting on the floor of the corridor crying. Wonka crouches down beside her and offers his silver case...

WONKA

Chocolate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. SALT

Thank you.

She takes one, chews it and looks at him.

MRS. SALT

They're gone, huh?

WONKA

For a little while.

She nods, then...

MRS. SALT

You know my name's not Joy.

WONKA

No?

MRS. SALT

I just called myself that one day
I wanted to be happy and it stuck.

WONKA

So what's your real name?

MRS. SALT

Agnes.

WONKA

That's a nice name.

MRS. SALT

(crying even harder)
I know!

WONKA

You know, Mrs. Salt... naked
people don't drop things.

She looks at him. Huh? He smiles.

WONKA

Something you might want to keep
in mind.

He then stands up, helps her to her feet...

WONKA

I'll have an Oompa-Loompa escort
you to a nice comfortable room
where you can wait for...
whatever's going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An Oompa-Loompa zips up to her, takes her hand and winks.

OOMPA-LOOMPA

Hey, mama. Come to where the
flavor is.

Several Oompa-Loompas zip and start fighting over who
gets to show her out.

WONKA

I'll have a few escort you.

They stop fighting and all hurry over to her.

MRS. SALT

Thank you...

The Oompa-Loompas all crowd around her, take her by the
hand, start leading her out of there...

WONKA

Good-bye. I'm sure it'll all come
out in the wash. You'll see. Off
we go now, there's still plenty
more to see...

And now the group starts off once more down the corridor
as we then...

CUT TO:

MOUTH OF PIPE

Four feet wide. Opening into a large, industrial space.
A metal grate in the floor just below the mouth of the
pipe.

We start to hear a LOW RUMBLE from deep inside the pipe.
We feel the rumble in the seat of our pants as it gets
LOUDER... and LOUDER... and STILL LOUDER when...

Suddenly we see a massive rush of brown liquid burst from
the mouth of the pipe followed by a shrieking, careening
Augustus Gloop who files out of the pipe and onto the
metal grate where he sits stunned.

He wipes some of the chocolate from his face, takes a
lick of it, then freezes as he sees...

A dozen Oompa-Loompas standing there with towels in their
hands. The Head Oompa-Loompa steps INTO FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS
(tentative smile)

Hi.

The Head Oompa-Loompa smiles back, then raises a fire hose up INTO FRAME and blasts us/Augustus as we then quickly...

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR - DAY

As the group follows Wonka down the hall. Mike looks at Charlie.

MIKE
You remind me of somebody.

CHARLIE
Me?

VIOLET
Just ignore him.

Charlie doesn't want to take the bait, but can't help it.

CHARLIE
Who?

MIKE
Tiny Tick. He's the leader of the Lyme Colony in BloodBug, this game just came out.

VIOLET
Bet you're a real popular guy, Mike. Bet everybody wants to be your friend. Bet your phone rings off the hook.

WONKA (O.S.)
C'mon, gather round!

Charlie looks to where the rest of the group is now stopped in front of a huge red door: "INVENTING ROOM - REALLY PRIVATE."

Wonka takes a red key from his pocket and unlocks the door.

WONKA
In this room are all of my most secret inventions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He unlocks the door, then turns to the three remaining kids.

WONKA

Up until this very moment, nobody
has ever been allowed in here.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

I assume we're all going to have
to sign some sort of non-
disclosure agreement?

WONKA

Of course not...
(reaches for the
door)
Just don't tell anyone.

Wonka opens the door and steps into the room...

WONKA

And don't touch anything!

INT. INVENTING ROOM - DAY

Charlie takes one step inside and stops and gapes at the
giant witch's kitchen that surrounds him.

All around the room are big, black, metal pots that boil
and bubble on huge stoves. In and amongst the stoves,
strange IRON MACHINES CLANK and SPLUTTER while pipes of
all sizes run along the ceiling and up and down the
walls. The whole place is full of smoke and steam.

Wonka, now more excited than ever, moves among the
saucepans and machines like a kid among his Christmas
presents, not knowing which thing to look at first.

The kids follow him, eyeing each invention and reading
the signs posted at the various inventing stations...

VIOLET

Strawberry-juice water pistols...

WONKA

For your friends...

MIKE

Exploding candy...

WONKA

For your enemies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Luminous lollies...

WONKA

For eating in bed.

VIOLET

Mint jujubees...

WONKA

(looks at Mike)

For the bully down the street...
They'll give him green teeth for a
month.

CHARLIE

Cavity-filling caramels...

WONKA

Adios, dentists!

VIOLET

Stickiaw...

WONKA

(smiles at Ms.
Beauregarde)

For talkative parents.

MIKE

Invisible chocolate...

WONKA

For eating in class.

CHARLIE

Candy-coated pencils...

WONKA

For sucking in class...

VIOLET

Magic-hand fudge...

WONKA

Hold it in your hand, taste it in
your mouth.

CHARLIE

Rainbow drops...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Suck these babies and you can spit
in six different colors.

(points)

Ah! Here we go...

He moves to another MACHINE, a small contraption that
keeps going PHUT PHUT PHUT... a large, green marble
dropping out with each sound...

WONKA

Everlasting gobstoppers!

(holds one up)

You can put an everlasting
gobstopper in your mouth and you
can suck it and suck it and it
will never get any smaller!

VIOLET

Like gum!

WONKA

No, not like gum. Gum is for
chewing. Try to chew one of these
and your jaw will break off.

(then)

These are for sucking, but they
never get any smaller. And they
change color once a week!

VIOLET

They never get smaller?

WONKA

Never! At least I don't think
they do. There's one being tested
this very moment in the testing
room next door.

He indicates a monitor where we see an Oompa-Loompa
sitting in an armchair reading a copy of Vanity Fair
while sucking on one of the candies.

WONKA

That Oompa-Loompa has been sucking
on that piece of candy for nearly
a year now without stopping and
it's still just as good as ever!

Wonka leads them all over to a gigantic machine that
stands in the very center of the Inventing Room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Now over here, if you will all
step this way, I will show you
something that I am very proud of.

A mountain of gleaming metal towers high above. Hundreds
of glass tubes sprout from the top and curl downwards,
coming together over a round tub as big as a bath that
sits atop the machine.

WONKA

Be careful! Stand back!

He presses a button on the side of the MACHINE and we
hear a RUMBLING SOUND as the whole thing begins to shake,
STEAM now HISSING out of it all over.

GRANDPA JOE

Look at that...

He points to a fluid that runs down the insides of the
glass tubes and squirts out into the tub below. The
fluid in each tube is a different color, so that all the
colors of the rainbow came sloshing into the tub...

WONKA

Yes yes yes...

When the tub is full, Wonka presses another button and
the machine goes quiet. Then a huge mixer dips into the
tub and begins beating the liquid, some of it now
frothing over the sides.

WONKA

Isn't that amazing?

Ms. Beauregarde checks her watch. She stops an Oompa-
Loompa who zips past...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Excuse me, but you look like you
know what's going on. How much
longer do you think our little
tour's going to take?

The Oompa-Loompa looks at her, kisses her, then takes
off.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear a LOUD CLICK and the mixer abruptly stops. Very quickly all the frothy blue mixture is sucked back into the machine. There's a moment of silence. Then a few RUMBLINGS from inside. Then more silence.

Then the MACHINE lets out a gigantic GROAN, and a tiny drawer pops out of the side of the machine. Everyone leans over and peers inside at what looks like a small, thin strip of gray cardboard.

MIKE

Yum.

WONKA

Do you know what that is?

There's a pause and then suddenly Violet Beauregarde smiles...

VIOLET

It's gum.

WONKA

Wrong. This is the Nobel Peace Price and the Congressional Medal of Honor.

(then)

Ladies and gentlemen, I hold in my hands the cure for world hunger.

They all stare at the tiny piece in his hand.

WONKA

This, my dear friends, is a chewing gum meal. That's right, this tiny little strip is an entire three-course dinner all by itself!

VIOLET

That's impossible.

WONKA

No more waiting in line at grocery stores. No more fighting over who does the dishes. No more forks and knives. No more garbage! No more kitchens!

(then)

Just a little strip of Wonka's magic chewing gum -- and that's all you'll ever need at breakfast, lunch, and dinner!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wonka examines the gum in his hand...

WONKA

Now this piece I've just made happens to be tomato soup, roast beef and blueberry pie, but you can have almost anything you want!

VIOLET

What do you mean, it's tomato soup, roast beef, and blueberry pie?

WONKA

I mean that if you were to start chewing it, then that is exactly what you would get on the menu.

She looks up at the machine now...

WONKA

It's amazing! You can actually feel the food going down your throat and into your belly! And you can taste it perfectly. And it fills you up!

VIOLET

Huh.

Violet stares at the gum, desperately wants to try it. Her mother puts a hand on her shoulder, lowers her voice...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

I thought we were going to see the means of production and distribution, but it's just candy. I mean, Vi, wouldn't you just love to see the corporate offices?

Violet watches as Wonka puts the gum back in the drawer.

VIOLET

Yeah. Sure.

WONKA

I haven't got it quite right yet. But very soon... very soon.

(leads the group off)

Now if you'll all come this way, I have something really extraordinary to show you...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie starts to follow the group off with Wonka.

VIOLET

(whisper)

Pssst. Poor-kid!

Charlie looks back at Violet.

VIOLET

Stand right there, wouldja?

CHARLIE

What?

VIOLET

Don't move.

Quickly, using Charlie as a shield so that no one can see what she's doing, she opens the drawer and pulls out the piece of gum and examines it...

VIOLET

Doesn't look like much but, hell, right about now I'd take a month-old piece of Freedent if you gave it to me...

And with that she pops it into her mouth. Immediately her well-trained jaws start chewing away. She closes her eyes...

VIOLET

(bliss)

Mmmm... gum... finally...

CHARLIE

You sure you should be chewing that?

Suddenly her eyes pop open and she stares off...

VIOLET

Hey -- wow... whoa...

CHARLIE

What?

VIOLET

(looks at Charlie)

Tomato soup...

CHARLIE

You can taste it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

Mmmm. Yeah... It's hot and creamy
and delicious...

CHARLIE

Really?

VIOLET

I can feel it running down my
throat! It's great and I don't
normally even like tomato soup...

(then)

Hey, it's changing!

She looks at Charlie, but doesn't see him...

VIOLET

Roast beef! Mmmm. It's tender
and juicy! Very nice flavor...

CHARLIE

I really think you oughta spit it
out.

VIOLET

I'd do the beef a little more on
the rare side next time, but it's
still awesome. And the baked
potato is good, too. Crispy skin.
Lots of butter on the inside.
Very nice.

WONKA (O.S.)

Charlie? Violet?

CHARLIE

Uh... Coming!

WONKA (O.S.)

You're not touching anything, are
you?

CHARLIE/VIOLET

No!

Charlie can't take his eyes off Violet...

VIOLET

Oh -- oh -- oh -- Blueberry pie!
My favorite! Oh, it's perfect!
It's beautiful... it's exactly as
though I'm swallowing it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET (CONT'D)

It's as though I'm chewing and
swallowing big spoonfuls of the
most delicious blueberry pie in
the world!

CHARLIE

(notices something)

Uh, Violet?

Mike Teevee sticks his head around the corner.

MIKE

Hey, bucket, I got it. What
sticks to you, but you don't mind?

Charlie points to Violet. A blue dot now appears at the
tip of her nose...

CHARLIE

Your nose --

MIKE

No. I was gonna say...

And now Mike sees the dot, too...

MIKE

(staring at it)

A booger...

VIOLET

You know, Teevee, only you
wouldn't mind having a booger
stuck to you --

CHARLIE

Violet, you have a dot on your
nose.

MIKE

Yeah, and it's growing, too.

Yes, the blue dot is growing, so that now Violet's entire
nose looks blue...

MIKE

It's turning blue! Your whole
nose is turning blue!

VIOLET

Oh, right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Now your cheeks are turning blue!

CHARLIE

Your whole face is turning blue.

VIOLET

Et tu, Charlie?

She shakes her head, looks at the two of them.

VIOLET

Like I'm really gonna believe you guys.

WONKA (O.S.)

Kids? Where are you?

CHARLIE

We'll be right there!

(then, urgent)

Violet, we're telling the truth.

You're turning blue!

VIOLET

(disbelieving)

Oh, is that all?

MIKE

No -- now you're inflating...

And, in fact, Violet does seem to be inflating some. Now even she can't help but realize this.

MIKE

How cool...

VIOLET

(panic)

Oh my God... What's happening?

WONKA

I advise you to spit out the gum...

They turn around and see Wonka standing there. And now the rest of the group appears behind him. Ms. Beauregarde takes one look at her daughter and screams.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Violet! You're turning... purple all over. Dear God... even your hair is changing color -- What is happening to her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

(shakes his head)

I told you I hadn't got it quite right.

Everybody is staring at Violet now. Her face and hands and legs and neck -- all of the skin all over her body as well as her hair have turned a brilliant, purplish-blue...

WONKA

It always goes wrong when we come to the dessert. It's the blueberry pie that does it. But then, failure is the mother of success. I'll get it right one day, you wait and see.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Violet, you're swelling up!

VIOLET

I feel really weird...

GRANDPA JOE

I'm not surprised.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

You're blowing up like a balloon!

WONKA

No... Like a blueberry.

And sure enough, Violet is now inflating at an alarming rate. Her neck, arms, and legs have all virtually disappeared.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Call a doctor!

Everyone jumps back as she gets so big, she knocks over the machines on either side of her.

MIKE

Pop her with a pin.

Ms. Beauregarde looks at Mike in horror, then turns to Wonka.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Save her!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But there's really no saving her now. Her body has turned into a gigantic blue ball. Unable to keep on her feet, she now rolls off to one side...

VIOLET

Help!

WONKA

It always happens like that. I've tried it twenty times in the testing room on twenty Oompa-Loompas, and every one of them finished up as a blueberry. It's so annoying. I don't understand it.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Please! Do something!

Wonka whistles and ten Oompa-Loompas materialize at his side. They take one look at Violet and burst out laughing.

WONKA

All right, enough already. Roll Miss Beauregarde down to the juicing room at once.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

The Juicing Room? What are they going to do to her there?

WONKA

Squeeze her. We've got to get the juice out of her immediately. After that, we'll just have to see how she comes out.

Charlie watches incredulously as the ten Oompa-Loompas roll the giant blueberry across the floor of the Inventing Room.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Wait for me...

WONKA

Don't worry, my dear Ms. Beauregarde. We'll get her deflated if it's the last thing we do.

Everyone stands absolutely still, watching them as they jam Violet through the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

It's unbelievable. The children
are disappearing like rabbits!

Wonka looks at Mike Teevee and Charlie Bucket and Grandpa Joe.

WONKA

Shall we?

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN

An ordinary newscast. Ordinary, that is, except for the fact that the Anchorman is a large Skunk. We begin PULLING BACK...

ANCHOR-SKUNK (V.O.)

Good news on our highways this
season, road-kills are down twenty
percent from last year...

We hear a VACUUM CLEANER O.S., see somebody MOVE THROUGH FRAME in immediate f.g. as we CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal...

Veruca -- her hair tied back, in an apron -- pushing a vacuum around the "home" of a rich squirrel family. We are clearly deep inside the factory somewhere. We CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal...

The mother and father squirrel, sitting on couch and armchair respectively, watching the newscast as Mr. Salt -- dressed in butlers attire -- comes into the room balancing a tray of tea and canapes.

VERUCA

Daddy --

MR. SALT

(out side of mouth)

Don't upset them, sweetie.
Remember what happened last
time...

(smiles at
squirrel)

Cucumber sandwich?

A small squirrel hand reaches INTO FRAME and snatches a cookie from the tray when we hear a loud SHRIEKING as we now CONTINUE PULLING BACK to reveal...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their DAUGHTER -- dressed a lot like Veruca was before her capture -- jumping up and down and pointing to the television where we see a commercial for a stuffed human toy.

As Veruca and her father exchange uncomfortable glances with each other, we then...

PULL ALL THE WAY BACK to reveal: another TV screen.

Which is actually a "security monitor" watched by two Oompa-Loompas who now look at each other and nod.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As Mike, Charlie and Grandpa Joe try to keep up with Wonka.

MIKE

Hey, Wonka, don't you got a golf cart or something we can ride in?

Wonka looks at him a moment...

WONKA

Golf cart? Hm. No...

(smiles)

But I do have an elevator.

INT. SOMEWHERE IN FACTORY - HALLWAY - DAY

Quiet. A sign on the wall reads "CAUTION: STEEP GRADE."

VIOLET (O.S.)

Yeeeeeeehaaaaaa!

And suddenly, out of nowhere, Violet Beauregarde rolls right OVER us, and continues rolling down the hall, an Oompa-Loompa on top, "log-rolling" her down the hall.

VIOLET

Get off of me!

A second later several other Oompa-Loompas appear in pursuit followed a second after that by a screaming Ms. Beauregarde.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Violet!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now the yowling Oompa-Loompa on top of Violet can't keep up starts to lose his footing when he sees a sharp turn in the corridor up ahead and dives free as Violet bounces off one wall, caroms into another, then rolls out of control down the steep corridor, the whole group now chasing her...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Wait for me, honey!

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As Wonka walks up to a blank section of wall, turns and smiles at the remaining three in the group.

WONKA

In we go.

GRANDPA JOE

In we go where?

Suddenly, two doors in the wall slide open.

WONKA

Right here.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

We hear MUZAK as Charlie and Grandpa Joe look around in astonishment -- there are buttons everywhere. The walls, the ceiling, they're all covered with black push-buttons. A thousand at least...

WONKA

Now this isn't just a normal up and down elevator. This elevator can go sideways and longways and slantways, and any other ways you can think of!

Charlie looks closer and now sees that every single button has a tiny printed label next to it.

WONKA

It can visit any single room in the whole factory no matter where it is! You simply press the button and zing! You're off!

Charlie sees his reflection in the wall. He touches it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

The whole elevator is made of glass!

And now everyone is looking around.

WONKA

Walls, door, ceiling, floor, buttons -- everything is made of glass.

MIKE

How come?

WONKA

So that you can see out!

MIKE

But there's nothing to see.

WONKA

Choose a button.

Quickly Charlie starts reading some of the labels alongside the bottom... Mike reads along another side... Grandpa Joe looks at the buttons on the ceiling...

WONKA

Come on, come on... We haven't got all day! Just pick something!

And now Mike Teevee comes upon a button that says "TELEVISION CHOCOLATE"...

MIKE

Television chocolate? That's where I wanna go...

He pushes a button. The doors shut.

WONKA

I would hold on if I were you.

MIKE

You kidding me? I got killer balance. I can grind my deck while eating a hot dog.

WONKA

Grind away then.

Suddenly, with a JOLT, the ELEVATOR leaps sideways and all of the passengers except for Wonka who now holds onto a strap are flung off their feet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

(laughing)

Get up! Get up!

But just as they stagger to their feet, the elevator changes direction and swerves violently around a corner and down they go again...

WONKA

Everybody, grab a strap! We've still got a ways to go!

Old Grandpa Joe staggers to his feet and grabs hold of a strap. Charlie just hangs on to his grandfather.

The elevator rushes on. Now it starts to climb. Up and up and up. Then, suddenly, as though it had come to the top of a hill... it drops like a stone...

MIKE

Oh God! The cable broke! We're crashing! We're all gonna die!

WONKA

Calm down, boy.

And now we start to catch GLIMPSES of strange rooms within the factory. We see an entire village of Oompa-Loompas. Children Oompa-Loompas dashing this way and that. Everybody playing...

We see giant storerooms, stuffed floor-to-ceiling with candy. We see rooms full of Oompa-Loompas wrapping chocolate bars.

We see bizarre machinery. Pumping stations. Odd vehicles. We come out into the open and see mountains made of fudge. A lake of caramel. Steam rises off the surface where we see a dozen Oompa-Loompas out in the middle in boats...

MIKE

I think I'm gonna be sick.

WONKA

Please don't.

MIKE

Like I can help it...

He takes off his hat and hands it to him.

MIKE

Can't you stop this thing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Not till we get where we're going.

(then)

I just hope no one's using the
other elevator.

GRANDPA JOE

(looks over)

What other elevator?

WONKA

The one that goes the opposite way
on the same track as this one.

GRANDPA JOE

(beat)

You're saying, there's a chance we
could smash into another elevator?

WONKA

I've always been lucky so far.

Everyone presses their face to the glass, looking out for
the other elevator...

MIKE

Oh, man...

WONKA

(moving away)

We're almost there.

Charlie puts a hand on Mike's shoulder.

CHARLIE

Hold on, Mike.

Mike looks at Charlie, is about to say something when we
hear the sound of SCREAMING BRAKES and the elevator
begins to slow down. Then it stops altogether. Mike
straightens up. — We hear the MUZAK PLAYING softly in the
b.g.

MIKE

Nice ride, Wonka.

The doors slide open and Wonka steps out and turns to
them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Now I want everybody to be very careful in this room.

(looks at Mike)

There's dangerous equipment in here and you must not tamper with it.

MIKE

Lead the way.

INT. TELEVISION-CHOCOLATE ROOM - DAY

As Mike, Charlie, and Grandpa Joe step off the elevator into a room so dazzlingly bright and so dazzlingly white that they have to squint.

WONKA

Here...

Wonka hands them each a pair of sunglasses.

WONKA

Put these on quick. And don't take them off whatever you do. The light in here could blind you.

Charlie and Grandpa Joe put on the glasses and now we see...

CHARLIE'S POV

The room is long and narrow and painted white all over. Even the floor. There isn't a speck of dirt anywhere. Huge lamps hang down from the ceiling and bathe the room in a brilliant, blue-white light.

BACK TO SCENE =

At one end is a giant camera on wheels. A whole army of Oompa-Loompas -- all in bright red space suits, including helmets and goggles -- cluster around it, oiling the joints, adjusting the knobs or polishing the great glass lens.

They work in utter silence. As if the whole enterprise were fraught with danger. Charlie looks at the other end of the room where...

An Oompa-Loompa stands beside a very large television set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

This is the testing room for my very latest and perhaps greatest invention -- Television Chocolate. Now as you well know, watching television is extremely dangerous --

MIKE

No, it isn't --

WONKA

Watch too much, it slurs your speech and blurs your vision and seriously diminishes your reproductive capacity!

MIKE

No, it doesn't --

WONKA

But I've found a way to make television good for you!

Mike looks at Charlie, who shrugs.

WONKA

I'll now tell you how this amazing television of mine works, but first of all, do you know how ordinary television works?

MIKE

Sure. You click it on with the remote.

WONKA

At one end, you have a camera and you start photographing something...

We WHIP PAN OVER to where an Oompa-Loompa in a Brittany Spears T-shirt stands in front of a camera singing...

OOMPA-LOOMPA

'Oops, I did it again...'

WONKA

The photographs are then broken up into millions of tiny little pieces which are so small you can't see them...

As the Oompa-Loompa begins to dissolve, we then...

CUT TO:

OOMPA-LOOMPA VILLAGE

As we see these tiny particles whizzing through the air...

WONKA (V.O.)

These little pieces are shot out into the sky like electricity where they go whizzing around all over the place until suddenly they hit the antenna on the roof of somebody's house.

The tiny particles slam into a TV antenna crookedly mounted on the roof of a hut.

WONKA (V.O.)

Then they go flashing down the wire that leads right into the back of the television set, and there they get joggled around until at last every single one of those millions of tiny pieces is fitted back into its right place like a jigsaw puzzle and presto! The photograph appears on the screen.

INT. HUT - DAY

As a family of Oompa-Loompas sit in front of their TV watching the image and sing along.

INT. TELEVISION-CHOCOLATE ROOM

Where Mike shakes his head.

MIKE

Cable doesn't work that way.
Neither does satellite TV...

WONKA

I'm a little deaf in my left ear.
You'll forgive me if I don't hear everything you say.

(then)

Now then! The very first time I saw television working...

MIKE

(aside to Charlie)
Back in 1950...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

I was struck by a tremendous idea. I thought to myself, if they can break up a photograph into millions of pieces and send the pieces whizzing through the air and then put them back together at the other end, why can't I do the same thing with a bar of chocolate? Why can't I send a real bar of chocolate whizzing through the air in tiny pieces and then put the pieces back together at the other end all ready to be eaten?

MIKE

Because it's a bogus idea. That's why. There's just no way...

WONKA

You can be very off-putting, you know that, Mike?

MIKE

Thank you.

Wonka whistles and immediately six Oompa-Loompas march forward carrying on their shoulders the most enormous bar of chocolate we've ever seen.

GRANDPA JOE

Look at the size of that thing...

WONKA

Of course, it has to be big because whenever you send something by television, it always comes out much smaller than it was when it went in. Even with ordinary television, when you photograph a big man, he never comes out on your screen any taller than a pencil, does he?

MIKE

Well, no, but that's because --

WONKA

All right, here we go. Get ready. Stand back, Mike. You're too close to the camera!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA (CONT'D)

There are dangerous rays coming out of that thing that could break you up into a million tiny pieces in one second! Why do you think the Oompa-Loompas are wearing special suits?

Mike rolls his eyes and backs up a step or two.

MIKE

Dangerous rays...

WONKA

That's better. Now then, switch on!

One of the Oompa-Loompas hangs onto a large switch and pulls it down. There's a blinding flash. Then...

GRANDPA JOE

The chocolate's gone!

They all look and see that he's right: the giant bar of chocolate has indeed disappeared.

WONKA

It's on its way.

He looks up...

WONKA

It's not rushing through the air above our heads in a million tiny pieces...

He starts for the other end of the room.

WONKA

Quick, come over here...

The others follow him to the giant television.

WONKA

Here it comes... watch the screen!

The screen flickers, then lights up. Then suddenly, a small bar of chocolate appears in the middle of it....

WONKA

Go on -- take it!

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

How can you take it? It's just a picture!

WONKA

Charlie. You take it. Just reach out and grab it.

Charlie puts out his hand and touches the screen. Suddenly, miraculously, the bar of chocolate comes away in his fingers.

WONKA

Now eat it!

Charlie looks at him.

WONKA

Go on and eat it! It'll be delicious! It's the same bar! It's just gotten a little smaller on the journey, that's all.

Charlie takes a bite, nods...

CHARLIE

It's good...

He then hands the bar to Grandpa Joe who also takes a bite.

GRANDPA JOE

It's absolutely fantastic. It's a miracle.

WONKA

Just imagine when I start using that across country. You'll be sitting at home watching television and suddenly a commercial will flash on your screen and a voice will say...

(booming)

Eat Wonka chocolates! They're the best in the world! If you don't believe us, try one for yourself -- NOW!

(then)

And you simply reach out and take one. How about that, eh?

GRANDPA JOE

It will change the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

(thinking)

It's even faster than the
internet.

WONKA

The what?

MIKE

Hey, Wonka, can you send other
things through the air in the same
way?

WONKA

Of course I could. I could sent
anything I wanted to.

MIKE

What about people? Could you send
a person from one place to
another?

WONKA

A person! Are you on tilt, boy?

MIKE

But could it be done?

WONKA

I don't know. I suppose it
could... yes, but I wouldn't like
to risk it, though. It might have
some nasty...

He sees that Mike Teevee is already moving away.

WONKA

... results.

(then)

Where you going?

MIKE

I'm gonna be the first person in
the world to be sent by
television!

WONKA

No, no, no, no!

But there's no stopping Mike now. When he reaches the
giant camera he jumps straight for the switch, scattering
Oompa-Loompas as he goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Mike, please! That's not a
good --

Mike pulls down the switch, then leaps into the full
glare of the mighty lens. There's a blinding flash.
Then silence.

WONKA

-- idea.

Then Charlie and Grandpa Joe step forward and gape at the
now-empty spot where a moment ago Mike had been.

CHARLIE

He's gone.

GRANDPA JOE

Where is he?

Wonka, Charlie, Grandpa Joe, all slowly look up.

WONKA

We'll just have to hope for the
best.

CHARLIE

Mike? You up there?

WONKA

I'm afraid he can't answer you
right now. He's in a million
pieces.

Wonka starts for the giant television.

WONKA

He should be coming through any
moment.

They gather around the television set. For a moment, the
screen remains blank.

WONKA

We have to remain absolutely
quiet. The slightest movement or
the faintest sound can disrupt the
entire process.

They all stand there quietly staring at the screen as
we...

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY

Mayhem. Chaos. A dozen Oompa-Loompas in medical garb zip this way and that. The mega-blueberry that is now Violet Beauregarde lies on a bed in the center of the room, 35 IV bottles on stands all around her, all filling up with a purplish liquid. Ms. Beauregarde is on the phone...

MS. BEAUREGARDE

No, I can't hold! I need Dr. Feingold and I need him now!

(then)

Look, nurse, I don't know how big his other medical emergency is, but I promise you this one's bigger!

(then)

What? Is she receiving medical attention? Uh...

She turns and watches as an Oompa-Loompa gets all tangled up in some bandages while a couple of others fool around with a length of surgical tubing.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

You know what? I'll hold.

She watches the chaos around the room. Two Oompa-Loompas argue over whether to use a huge saw or a drill on Violet.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Oh, God...

Ms. Beauregarde raises her sleeve and rips the "patch" off her arm. She grabs the Head Oompa-Loompa.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

You -- munchkin -- got a smoke?

He zips up on the counter and pulls out a pack and extends a smoke to Ms. Beauregarde like he's Hugh Hefner.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Thanks.

Violet takes a mirror from the table beside the bed and holds it up to her big blue face and examines herself...

VIOLET

It's not working!

She then notices something on her face...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIOLET

Oh, great... all this chocolate...

... and now, to the horror of the Head Oompa-Loompa, she starts to pop a zit... she squeezes for all she's worth. An Oompa-Loompa sees her, motions to the others who now all start to panic as she squeezes for all she's worth...

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER

Brush your breath!

All of the Oompa-Loompas dive for the door as we then...

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

As the DOOR is BLOWN OFF the hinges and a TORRENT of PURPLE GOO now spills out into the corridor, washing away everything in its wake... including the Oompa-Loompas...

INT. TELEVISION CHOCOLATE ROOM - SAME TIME

As Grandpa Joe looks off at the sound of a MUFFLED BOOM.

GRANDPA JOE

What was that?

WONKA

What was what?

CHARLIE

Why is it taking so long?

WONKA

I just hope no part of Mike gets left behind.

Charlie and Grandpa Joe look at him, horrified.

WONKA

It does sometimes happen that only about half the little pieces find their way into the television set. Only last week, we sent a bar of --

GRANDPA JOE

You mean, there's a chance that only half of this kid is coming back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Let's just hope it's the top half.

CHARLIE

Something's happening!

The screen begins to flicker. Then some wavy lines appear. Wonka adjusts a knob and the lines disappear. And now, very slowly, the screen starts to get brighter and brighter...

WONKA

Here he comes! Yes, that's him all right!

GRANDPA JOE

Is he... complete?

WONKA

It's too early to tell.

Faintly at first, then becoming clearer and clearer, the image of Mike Teevee appears on the screen. He stands there, grinning, waving to his "audience."

MIKE (V.O.)

(tiny, high
voice)

Hey, check it out! I'm the first person ever to be sent by television!

WONKA

Oh, good, he's all in one piece. Let's get him out of there...

Wonka is reaching into the set when suddenly, the channel changes on the television and Mike disappears...

WONKA

Oh, no...

He looks back and sees an Oompa-Loompa playing with a giant remote...

WONKA

Hey! Change it back...

But now another Oompa-Loompa is fighting over the remote with the first one...

CHARLIE

Uh, Mr. Wonka...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wonka turns and looks at the set where we see some nature program on the Discovery Channel, this one on crocodiles.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The crocodile seizes its prey in its giant, razor-sharp jaws, and crushes them...

Mike Teevee, no more than a few inches tall, is running away from these very jaws which now open up wide...

CHARLIE

Look out, Mike!

WONKA

Run this way!

But either Mike doesn't hear or he's too busy running for his life...

WONKA

Change the channel!

The Oompa-Loompa changes the channel to a black and white episode of "I Love Lucy"... the one where Lucy works at the candy factory, tries to wrap candy as it passes her on a conveyor belt...

WONKA

Oh, I love this one...

CHARLIE

There he is!

And now we see the tiny Mike Teevee on the conveyor along with the candy...

WONKA

I think we over-shrunk him a bit...

GRANDPA JOE

A bit?

WONKA

It was set for a candy bar, not a person.

And now we go...

INSIDE SET - MIKE'S POV

As he tries to stand up on the swiftly moving conveyor. up ahead, we see a giant Lucille Ball as she grabs pieces of candy from the belt and frantically tries to wrap them.

MIKE

Yo! Lady!

She looks DOWN AT us/him, reaches out with a giant hand and grabs him from the belt as...

Channel changes to an icy surface...

Mike tries to stand up, but slips back onto his behind. He hears a RUMBLING O.S. and looks off at...

A rush of giant hockey players...

Coming right AT him. The tiny Mike looks around, realizes he's in the middle of...

A hockey rink.

One of the players slaps the puck and it comes flying right AT us/Mike who now screams at the top of his lungs as...

WONKA

turns and shouts at the Oompa-Loompas --

WONKA

Change the channel!

And the channel changes to: "NIGHTLINE."

Where Ted Koppel sits at his desk chatting with Yassir Arafat on screen...

TED KOPPEL (V.O.)

But would that still be in accord with the Oslo Agreement?

ARAFAT (V.O.)

Again, Ted, this is a matter of interpretation...

Etc. And now Mike Teevee runs across the desk...

MIKE'S POV - DESK

As he LEAPS OVER a giant Oudawalla bar, DODGES a coffee mug...

TED KOPPEL

catches a glimpse of Mike, but just nods as Arafat goes on...

TED KOPPEL (V.O.)

M-hm...

... and calmly swishes him off the desk with his hand as if he were some kind of insect and not a miniature boy. Mike yells as he goes flying for the trash can and once more...

The channel changes to: The Home Shopping Network.

Where Mike stands on the table with a bunch of carved Civil War soldiers...

HOSTESS (V.O.)

Each one of these gorgeous figurines has been individually hand-carved by master craftsmen in the Ozarks...

ON CHARLIE AND GRANDPA JOE AND WONKA

As they lean in to see Mike now trying to take a bayonet from one of the soldiers...

HOSTESS (V.O.)

I like to put them out for holidays or special occasions but I know plenty of people who leave them out year round.

She reaches down...

HOSTESS (V.O.)

You can see just how incredibly lifelike they are...

And now we see that she's picked up Mike. She looks at him a moment, confused. He makes a face at the woman. She screams and Mike screams back and now she drops him as once more...

The channel changes to: "SURVIVOR."

As a group of hungry contestants sit around a fire, preparing to eat a rat. One of them sees Mike, gets a look in his eye, tosses the piece of rat aside and reaches out for him...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Mike!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike turns, sees Charlie's face where the sun is supposed to be. Suddenly Charlie is reaching for him, pulling him into...

INT. TELEVISION CHOCOLATE ROOM

As Charlie pulls the tiny figure of Mike from the screen and holds him in his hand.

MIKE

That was awesome!

Wonka and Grandpa Joe look at Mike standing there in Charlie's palm.

WONKA

Thank goodness, he's completely unharmed!

GRANDPA JOE

You call that unharmed?

WONKA

He looks good to me.

GRANDPA JOE

He's not more than an inch tall!

WONKA

Oh, come now, he's certainly more than an inch.

GRANDPA JOE

He's shrunk!

WONKA

Oh, yes, well...

(then)

At least he's intact.

He then leans in close to Mike...

WONKA

No need to worry, my boy, you're going to be back to your normal height in no time. What was your normal height by the way?

The Head Oompa-Loompa suddenly appears at Wonka's side, wiping blueberry juice from his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER

I may not be a doctor, but I play
one on TV!

WONKA

My God, look at you --

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER

When E.F. Hutton talks --

Wonka then bends down so that the Oompa-Loompa can
whisper in his ear. Wonka straightens up.

WONKA

Exploded? Oh, boy...

Wonka looks at Charlie and Grandpa Joe, sees them staring
at him and smiles.

WONKA

Uh -- there's a minor problem in
the infirmary. I'll just be a
minute...

Wonka then hurries off after the Oompa-Loompa.

WONKA

Get a mop!

We hear SOBBING O.S. Grandpa Joe looks around the room.

GRANDPA JOE

You hear that?

Charlie raises his palm, we see the tiny figure of Mike
crouched there, sobbing.

CHARLIE

Mike? You okay?

MIKE

They're gonna kill me.

CHARLIE

Who?

MIKE

The other kids. At school.
They're gonna kick the crap out of
me.

CHARLIE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Because I'm only three inches tall, dickhead!

CHARLIE

Oh.

MIKE

They're gonna wanna get even. For all the times I beat the crap out of them.

CHARLIE

Maybe they won't. Maybe they'll --

MIKE

Feel sorry for me? That's even worse.

Charlie considers Mike a moment, then...

CHARLIE

You know what? I think you're growing.

MIKE

Yeah? Really?

We hear someone CLEAR THEIR THROAT and Grandpa Joe and Charlie turn and see the Head Oompa-Loompa as he comes in, smiles, and puts the three-inch Mike into his pocket and starts out...

MIKE

Hey, Charlie, I know the answer...

Charlie looks at Mike peeking out of the Oompa-Loompa's pocket.

MIKE

What sticks to you, but you don't mind?

CHARLIE

What?

MIKE

A friend.

(then)

I'll see you around.

And with that, he drops back into the pocket. Charlie and Grandpa Joe stand there a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE

Hello?

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

As Charlie and Grandpa Joe come out into the corridor. There's no one around.

CHARLIE

Where is everybody?

GRANDPA JOE

I don't know.

They start down the corridor. Then up another. Then down another. Charlie and Grandpa Joe stop.

CHARLIE

I think we're lost.

No answer from Grandpa Joe. He's too busy staring at the giant metal door. The one with the sign that says:
"KEEP OUT! DON'T COME IN! STAY AWAY! GO ON... LEAVE!"

CHARLIE

Grandpa...

Grandpa Joe looks at him, then opens the door and they both step into...

INT. UNFINISHED ROOM - DAY

High, brick walls. The scaffolding still there. Bright light streams in from the open ceiling. Charlie looks around at the blueprints and the sawhorses. Old, framed photographs lean up against the walls, covered with dust.

CHARLIE

I wonder what this room-is?

No answer. He looks over, sees Grandpa Joe look at an old photograph.

CHARLIE

Grandpa Joe?

We see that he's crying. Charlie goes over to him. He looks at the picture. It's of Wonka surrounded by his workers. He has his arm around the man next to him.

CHARLIE

Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grandpa Joe nods, doesn't take his eyes off the photo. Charlie looks around the room now. He looks up at the unfinished ceiling. Now he understands where they are.

CHARLIE

This is where...

GRANDPA JOE

Yes.

Grandpa Joe points to the very top of the scaffolding...

GRANDPA JOE

He was working up there, when part of the scaffolding gave way.

CHARLIE

This room... what was it supposed to be?

WONKA (O.S.)

My home.

They look to where Wonka now stands in the doorway, the Head Oompa-Loompa stands beside him.

WONKA

One of my workers once told me that it was a crime to have something as grand as this factory and no one to share it with. So I said to this man, this man who laid every single brick in this factory...

(looks at

Grandpa Joe)

This man who was my friend.

CHARLIE

My father.

WONKA

Yes. I said to him: build me a home where --

OOMPA-LOOMPA LEADER

(sings)

' -- Where the Buffalo Roam.'

Wonka looks at the Oompa-Loompa.

WONKA

Go clean up the blueberry girl, would you please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes off. Wonka shakes his head, turns back to Charlie.

WONKA

I said build me a home where I can raise a family. Right here in the middle of the factory. Do it as if you were building it for your own family. But then, well, the worst thing that could happen, happened.

CHARLIE

(looking around
room)

You never finished it...

WONKA

No. And I never will.
(looks at Charlie)
You are.

CHARLIE

Me?

WONKA

Yes, Charlie. You.

Wonka comes over and gestures to the photograph that Grandpa Joe holds.

WONKA

May I?

He studies the photograph a moment.

WONKA

He would talk about you every day. He couldn't wait for you to be born. He knew it was a boy. He said he could just tell. And he would tell me what a fine boy you were going to be.

(then)

And what a fine boy you are.

He puts the photograph down.

WONKA

I think you're finally ready now.

CHARLIE

Ready? For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

To be a kid.

(then)

All these years you've had to be
the grownup. You've had to take
care of everybody else...

We hear SNIFFLING and Wonka sees a few OOMPA-LOOMPAS in
the doorway weeping. He rolls his eyes.

WONKA

Do you mind?

They take off. He crouches down in front of Charlie.

WONKA

Charlie, I can never bring your
father back. But I can give you
this...

Wonka then holds out his walking stick for Charlie.
Charlie takes it and stares at it.

CHARLIE

A... stick?

WONKA

(beat)

Either I'm not making myself clear
or you're somewhat dimmer than I
was led to believe.

GRANDPA JOE

You're giving him the factory.

He frowns at a stunned Grandpa Joe for spoiling it, then
looks at Charlie.

WONKA

I'm giving you the factory.

Charlie doesn't move. Wonka snaps his fingers in front
of Charlie's face.

WONKA

You still with us, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I don't understand. The
contest...

WONKA

I had to first make sure you were
as your father said you would be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRANDPA JOE

Then why bother inviting the other kids?

WONKA

Because he's going to need help.

GRANDPA JOE

You're kidding me, right? Those brats are gonna help him?

He looks at Charlie and smiles.

WONKA

They're not so bad. In fact, they're all good in their own way. And today, they all got what they... needed. You'll see. Anyway...

(looks at watch)

We better get going. We don't have much time. You have a lot to learn.

He leads them to a door marked "DANGEROUS STUFF. WATCH OUT!"

INT. FACTORY MECHANICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

As they step out onto the catwalk of a giant boiler room full of turbines and steam and giant gears. Down below we see the Oompa-Loompas covered in black coal dust as they move in and about, working the equipment.

WONKA

This factory has fifty-seven turbines, powered by a hidden geothermal source that we tapped five miles underground.

Wonka puts a hardhat on Charlie, then Grandpa Joe as he leads them along...

WONKA

There are two hundred thousand miles of cable in the walls and enough cement on the floor to repave every highway in America four and a half times. We use more electric lights than the city of Spokane, Washington.

An Oompa-Loompa at a control panel coughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

Okay, so that's a slight
exaggeration, but you get the
point.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

As Charlie and his grandfather follow Wonka into the
elevator and look at each other as Wonka searches along
the walls...

WONKA

Let's see now, where is that
button... Aha! Here we go...

Wonka reaches for a button high up on the glass ceiling
that says "UP AND OUT!" Wonka presses the button and the
doors shut.

WONKA

You better hold on!

But nothing happens. The elevator just sits there. We
hear the MUZAK PLAY. Wonka shakes his head, grabs the
little red phone on the wall. Yells into it:

WONKA

Hello? We're here! Inside the --

Suddenly, the ELEVATOR SHOOTS straight up. Charlie and
Grandpa Joe hang on to the straps. Wonka bangs on the
glass.

WONKA

Faster! Faster! Or we'll never
get through!

GRANDPA JOE

Through what?

WONKA

The roof!

GRANDPA JOE

What?! You can't be serious!

WONKA

Why can't I be?

GRANDPA JOE

But the elevator's made of glass!
It'll break into a million pieces!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

I suppose it could, but it's
pretty thick glass all the same...

Charlie and Grandpa Joe both look at the ceiling now as
the elevator rushes upward, going faster and faster.

WONKA

Here we go, boys! Up and out!

EXT. FACTORY - ROOF - DAY

The town around the factory is quiet. A bird pecks at
some seed on the roof. Suddenly there's a loud CRASH
followed by the most tremendous noise of SPLINTERING WOOD
and SHATTERING TILES as the ELEVATOR BURSTS through the
ROOF...

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

As Charlie and Grandpa Joe scream...

WONKA

We're through!

GRANDPA JOE

Oh my God!

Grandpa Joe and Charlie look out now as the elevator
shoots up higher into the sky until it's a thousand feet
up.

WONKA

Let's see now...

Wonka pushes another button and the elevator stops and
hangs in midair over the factory and over the very town
itself which lays out below them like a postcard.

WONKA

There we go.

Charlie looks down THROUGH the glass floor and can see
the small homes and the streets and the snow that covers
it all. Wonka turns to look down at the factory.

WONKA

How I love my chocolate factory.

Wonka looks at his reflection in the glass, and as he
does, Charlie sees the old face reflected there that we
saw in the mirror inside the factory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WONKA

I'm an old man, Charlie. Much older than you think. I don't even know how old I am anymore; I just know I can't go on forever.

Charlie turns and looks out the window and gasps...

CHARLIE'S POV - WINDOWS AT TOP OF FACTORY

The ones with the giant letters, are now crowded with hundreds of Oompa-Loompas standing there looking up at the elevator.

BACK TO SCENE

CHARLIE

They're not moving...

WONKA

No, they're not. They're saluting you.

(then)

They work for you now, Charlie.

Wonka crouches down beside him, looks out at the factory.

WONKA

It's all yours, sport.

And now below them we start to see the other kids emerge from the factory. Augustus, then Veruca followed by Violet and at the very end... Mike Teevee, accompanied by both parents.

CHARLIE

The other kids... they're all okay.

WONKA

Of course, they are. They're better than okay. I told you, they all got what they needed...

(stands up)

Now then... we have to go get the rest of your family! Show me, Charlie, which house is yours?

EXT. STREET-NEAR BUCKET HOUSE - DAY

As a mother pushing a baby carriage hears something, stops and looks up.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

As Charlie and Grandpa Joe look at Wonka.

GRANDPA JOE

But they haven't been out of bed
for twenty years.

WONKA

Then we'll take the bed with us!
There's plenty of room in here!

GRANDPA JOE

You can't get the bed out of the
house! It won't go through the
door!

WONKA

Door? Who's going through the
door?

INT. BUCKET HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Where the other three grandparents snore loudly in bed.
As Grandpa George rolls over, Grandma Georgina rolls with
him.

For a moment, all we hear is the old folks' snoring and
then what sounds like a WHISTLING TEA KETTLE... followed
by a HUGE CRASH and in a rain of BRICKS and PLASTER, the
GLASS ELEVATOR comes SMASHING through the ROOF.

The three old folks all stir as if all they heard was a
knock at the door, but then one by one bolt upright as
they see the demolished house all around them and Mrs.
Bucket comes running into the room...

MRS. BUCKET

Dear God...

Everyone stares stupidly as the cloud of dust settles, we
hear a DING as the ELEVATOR DOORS open and now Wonka
casually steps out, reaches into his coat and extends the
silver cigarette case to the three old folks on the bed:

WONKA

Chocolate?

We hear an ORCHESTRAL FANFARE OVER as we now...

CUT TO:

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE OF FACTORY

As hundreds of kids stream in through the wide-open gates.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Last week, the world's biggest birthday party was held inside the world's biggest chocolate factory...

We see shots of inside the factory, kids running everywhere. Oompa-Loompas chase after them. We see a figure in a hat and long cloak moving among them...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The guest of honor greeted every single one of his guests himself.

And as the figure turns to greet another child, we see it's not Wonka, but Charlie, the youth still in his eyes, but all grown up now. A Reporter shoves a microphone in his face...

REPORTER (V.O.)

When he was alive, Wonka never let anyone into the factory.

GROWN-UP CHARLIE (V.O.)

No, he didn't.

REPORTER (V.O.)

If he were here now, what do you think he'd have to say about all this?

GROWN-UP CHARLIE (V.O.)

I think he'd say...

(smiles)

Happy birthday, Charlie.

And we FREEZE ON his smiling face and then...

FADE OUT.

THE END